

ELECTION RESULTS ARE IN!

Scav Hunt Winner

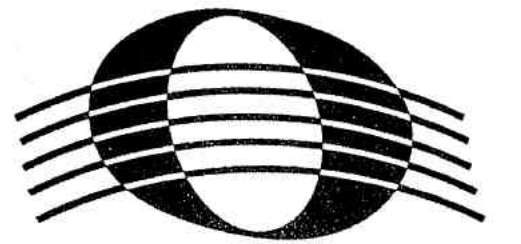


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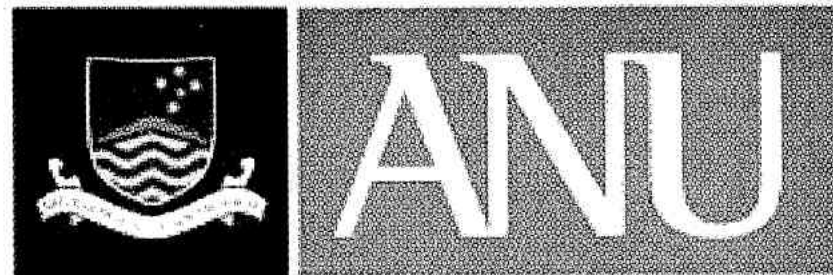
WORON

ISSUE III
SEPT 2007

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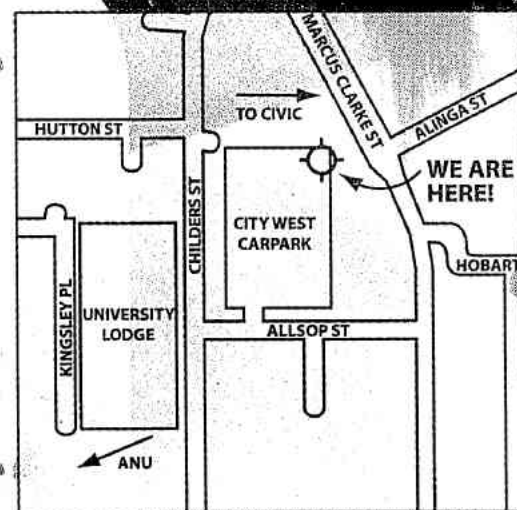
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What's On

Editorial

Howdy all,

I think I speak for everyone at uni when I say "Thank God student elections are over". Being somewhat on the other side of the political divide this year, I saw firsthand how much those campaigning (for the most part) hate doing it. The people most relieved once polling was over was the student pollies themselves. I'd always imagined them getting some perverse pleasure out of hassling me between classes.

That said, congratulations to all those who were elected to their chosen positions. The election results are quite one-sided, and similar to Diversify's effort last year, Innovate has made a clean sweep on these elections, despite some heavy opposition from Us. See pages 10 and 11 for the rundown and results.

We also seem to have touched on an issue fairly close to peoples hearts with the article on lecture taping. We received a number of letters from disgruntled students unhappy about the lack of lecture taping from some lecturers. Given the ease with which lectures can be taped here at ANU, there doesn't seem to be all that much of a reason why all lectures cannot be taped.

There has also been some controversy here in the SA, with a number of executive members looking to limit the autonomy of the Education Department, check the Woroni website www.woroni.com for more on this.

Have a good holidays!

Send in your content for issue 7 by September 21st

We love getting your letters, articles, gossip, news, satire, and fiction, so send it all in to Woroni@anu.edu.au.

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 **Woroni** is the official publication of the ANU Students' Association. Opinions are not necessarily those of the editor or the ANUSA.

PREZ SEZ

Hi everyone

I would like begin by congratulating everyone who participated in the ANUSA elections, especially those who voted. Our voter turn out last year was 11%, which was the highest in the country. This year, we absolutely smashed that record with a voter turnout of more than 22% of the undergraduate student population. Congratulations to the winning candidates who I'm sure will do an amazing job when they take over from us in just three months.

It is fantastic that so many undergraduates wanted to have a say as to the future direction of ANUSA. It's important to remember, though, that your involvement in ANUSA can, and should, extend beyond elections to the continual running of the organisation.

I have sent an all student email outlining the internal educational issues that ANUSA has been working on. Thank you so much to all of the students who responded to that email with information or requests. It is clear that the biggest issue of concern is the lack of lecture taping. We will continue to make lecture taping our utmost priority for the remainder of this year.

I wanted to take this opportunity to let you know about some of the external educational issues within our focus.

Student Poverty

Compiling the results of a national survey on student finances, Universities Australia's report of 8 August 2007 highlighted the continued role of student associations as advocacy and welfare organisations.

The Universities Australia report found the following alarming statistics about student poverty:

- 24.4% of all undergraduate students reported they had taken a repayable loan or loans – excluding HECS-HELP, FEE-HELP and PELS – in order to continue studying. The average loan for undergraduate students was \$4,720.
- Average food costs for students have increased by 30.4% and housing costs have increased by 23.4%.
- Female students were more likely to have a budget deficit, less likely to have savings for an emergency, and less likely to have paid HECS or full-fees up front.
- 89.5% of undergraduate students indicated that if they had to pay the full cost of services such as childcare, academic

advocacy, counseling, healthcare and legal advice they could not afford to do so, or could do so only with difficulty.

- The average number of hours worked by students is 14.8 hours and 40.2% of students felt that their work adversely affected their study.

We used these statistics during our last National Day of Action and got quite a bit of media attention. We will continue to increase public awareness during our fourth term student poverty campaign.

Having our Voices Heard

I have arranged a series of meetings with local candidates for federal Parliamentary seats in order to discuss with them the issues that are of most concern to students in the upcoming election. So far, all candidates have been very willing to meet with me and openly discuss the future of higher education.

The issues that I have been raising in each of these meetings are:

1. The need for Centrelink reform such that it is easier for students to gain financial support whilst studying, and so that students are not penalised so heavily for supplementing such support with a secondary income.
2. Our opposition to HECS increases.
3. Our opposition to domestic students entering university as a result of paying full fees in order to compensate for a lower UAI.
4. Our support for legislative amendments allowing for full funding of student services by way of a contribution paid by the student during the course of study or (more favourably) a sum which is to be paid after graduation with HECS repayments.
5. The problems that students face in terms of unaffordable housing.

If there are any issues that you would like me to take to our federal candidates on your behalf, please feel free to send me an email at sa.president@anu.edu.au.

I hope your holidays are enjoyable, relaxing and safe!

Cheers,
Claudia

LETTERS

A few comments on lecture taping.

If I recall correctly, Amin Saikal isn't the only non-taper at the Centre for Arab and Islamic Studies. I've done a few courses over there, and its stance on adapting new technology doesn't match with its shiny new building. But from what I've gathered from the comments of some of the lecturers there, the reasons for it are a little more complex than an old-school approach to academics (although that's the way Amin tries to justify it).

CAIS has previously copped a hammering in the Murdoch press as being a bastion of pro-terrorist, anti-American jihadists who are in the pay of corrupt oil sheiks, inflicting their insidious anti-semitic agenda upon innocent minds. (see Andrew Bolt's <http://www.news.com.au/heraldsun/story/0,21985,18305834-25717,00.html>).

No one likes this sort of publicity, especially not Amin "Damage Control" Saikal. Given the current media climate, there are fears that a particularly nasty sort could leak some juicy lecture quotes to Mr Bolt, and he could easily whip up another storm about the mind-poisoning that goes on in our universities. This has happened on several occasions in the US, and CAIS is keen to eliminate all opportunities from it happening here. Making sure there isn't a recorded copy of a lecture is just one way of doing this.

Personally, I think this is a rather paranoid approach to be taking. And given the technological and legal restrictions on what can be done with digitally streamed lectures, it's unlikely that anything would happen were CAIS to fall into line on lecture taping. But, just so you know, there's always more to the story.

matt

Last semester I took a particular course by a professor who did not usually tape lectures. This was an elective course with a limited and diverse enrolment, it only had one class stream which many couldn't make at all. We were able to strike a compromise. Lectures would be taped and placed on WebCT for one week. So, those with clashes could take the class, the modern university student who requires some degree of flexibility was satisfied, yet chronic bludgers were flat out of luck when it came to a massive cram session the night before the exam. Attendance was still taken and I suspect those who bothered to show up were rewarded in some way. This semester, neither Leighton McDonald's Legal Theory (LAWS2249) and Kevin Boreham's International Law (LAWS2250) lectures are taped.

Theo Kelly

Hi,

I absolutely agree on your article on lecture recordings. The recording policy is rarely implemented in many business courses. Lecturers like Dr. Jing Shi, D. Aki and Ben Smith just principally do not record. With lecturers like Sirimon Treepongkaruna (Finm2002) and Jean Pascal (BUSI2025/BUSI34), not only can you barely understand their English due to thick accent and expression problems but they also just refuse to record their lectures, even when students request it in the first lecture with the explanation that there are clashes affecting a substantial percentage of the students. Thus, students just drop courses if there are clashes and no recordings. In the end, no courses of mine this semester are recorded and only very few courses I have taken during my degree at the ANU so far have been recorded. Why isn't anything being done about it? Is the ANUSA doing its job in encouraging lecturers to tape their lectures (even if you can barely understand them in lectures). Please respond.

Cheers,

Inna

Dear Inna,

We are told that ANUSA has asked repeatedly for lectures to be taped, but some lecturers are just not keen on the idea.

LETTERS

LETTERS

I would like to bring up what I feel is an extremely important issue of concern regarding the complete lack of competency of some ANU staff. Not only is it near impossible to get any help or advice, but when you do finally get assisted you have to doubt everything you are told, and then seek the same help elsewhere.

Recently I was told by a top professor in the Psychology department who at the time was acting as my advisor, that I could not complete the Psychology part of my double degree on the expected date because I was short one third year Psychology class which was not being offered in first semester and hence I would have to take it in the second part of the year. It was explained to me by said very important professor that my options were as follows: 1) change my degree program to fit requirements and therefore finish on time, 2) complete a Psychology course at another university and transfer the points to ANU, and 3) simply accept that I would not graduate for yet another semester.

Sitting in an extremely helpful sub dean's office only days later, I was being told with a roll of the eyes that I most definitely did not need to complete another third year psychology class to graduate but in fact any science class, first, second or third year would be sufficient.

Needless to say, I was all smiles and giggles. Until I went home, and then it slowly sank in how close I came to putting my life on hold, changing my plans, expending my studying and potentially much more simply due to the incompetency of a 'very important professor'. During four years at ANU I have struggled to get adequate assistance.

I would like to conclude here, but unfortunately there is more. I'm not the only, nor the first student this has happened to. A fellow student who has since graduated was told to complete a certain class and that she would be fine to graduate. My colleague did not think to get this advice in writing. She later discovered that the advice regarding her degree requirements was incorrect and she would have to complete another semester. The university compromised by paying the fees for this final class she was extending her studies for. Needless to say, the advisor in question denied giving said advice. I could also tell when in the sub dean's office, by the shaking of the head and the rolling of the eyes, that this wasn't the first time she had to correct the mistakes of the very important professors at ANU.

What I want to know is, does anyone recognise the very import students at ANU? We are paying for our studies, we are the future work force, we are the future! When is someone going to look out for us? When are the advisors going to advise us and not just rush to get us out of their offices as soon as possible?

Petra Kucok

Hi,

Whilst I understand that politics may interest some people, it doesn't interest me. Frankly, I'm glad that VSU came in so that these people don't have as much money to play with, and therefore can't cause too much damage.

Why do I have to listen to a bunch of Law students tell me why their CV should be filled with SA positions?

Andrew

I can't understand why the ANU has chosen to make it almost impossible to park here. Previously it was hard enough to find a park, but now that they've made the carpark across the road THE MOST EXPENSIVE PARKING IN CIVIC, it is totally impossible to get a park. I don't really see the point of purchasing a parking permit anymore because there must be something like 3 parking permits for every carpark. This coupled with the most over zealous security officers means that parking in this university is a nightmare.

Paul

LETTERS

WORONI

WORONI NEWS

TEN OUT OF TEN: ANU TEACHERS AMONG BEST IN NATION

Ten teachers at The Australian National University have been rated as some of the best in Australia by the national body for teaching quality in higher education.

This annual award is granted by the Carrick Institute, which was set up by the Federal Government in 2004 to promote and reward excellence in tertiary education.

The Citation recipients at ANU in 2007 are:

Associate Professor Richard Baker,
Dr Cris Brack,
Dr Robert Dyball,
Dr Elisabeth Findlay,
Dr Rebecca Kippen,
Professor Michael Martin,
Dr Elizabeth Minchin,
Dr Michael Platow,
Mr Gilbert Riedelbauch, and
Ms Amelia Simpson.

Onya!

WORK STARTS ON NEW UNILODGE

Work has commenced on a new student accommodation complex in the ANU Exchange that will provide a new home to 500 students.

The first stage of student housing in ANU Exchange, UniLodge@ANU, was completed late last year and opened in February. The new complex will also be managed by UniLodge.

Whilst some welcome the housing complex as a measure to take the heat out of the student housing market, others question the affordability of \$250/w student accommodation.

At completion, ANU Exchange will be home to more than 2000 students.



DEMOCRACY FAILING SEXUAL AND GENDER MINORITIES

A new study by the Democratic Audit of Australia at The Australian National University has found that a significant minority of Australians are missing out on basic democratic rights and a range of legal entitlements simply because they are not heterosexual.

Human Right Commissioner Graeme Innes AM welcomed the audit report. "This provides further evidence of the need to change legislation which discriminates against people just because they love a person of the same sex," Mr Innes said.

"These discriminatory laws breach human rights. And the discrimination can be stopped. All it takes is a few changes to the definitions in some federal laws.

"It is nothing short of unjust that same-sex families should continue to be treated as second-class citizens in 2007," Mr Innes said.

The author of the report said that the remaining inequalities were an unnecessary blight

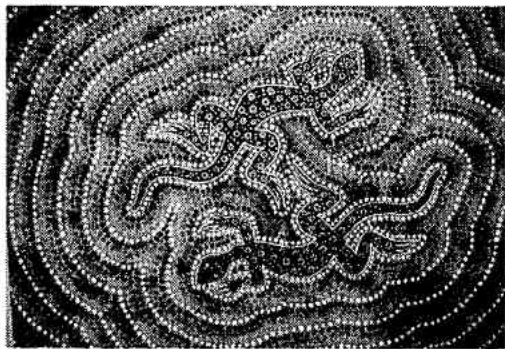
on Australia's democratic credentials and human rights record.

ANU RECORDING ABORIGINAL SONG CULTURE

The ancient songs of the Warlpiri people of Central Australia are being saved from extinction thanks to a research project led by anthropologists at The Australian National University that is recording, interpreting and transcribing the 'songlines'.

"Warlpiri songlines link ancestral power with the landscape, emotions and aesthetics and are central to the community's religious life," anthropologist Professor Nicolas Peterson, the project leader, said. "But because the songs are known by fewer and fewer Warlpiri people and the ceremonies are being performed less and less often, this spiritual core of Warlpiri culture is disappearing."

"For Warlpiri people the significance of the loss is deeply complex as it intensifies and



reflects the transformations that are going on in their religion, in their society more generally, and in the conflict between generations with their threats to Warlpiri identity," Professor Peterson said.

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS WASTED IN AFGHANISTAN

The efforts of the Australian Defence Force (ADF) in Afghanistan are unlikely to make the country any more secure or reduce global terrorism, a defence expert from The Australian National University warns.

"The likelihood is that when our forces eventually withdraw, Afghanistan will remain much as it is today," Professor White says. "Little if anything will have been achieved. This is not the fault of the ADF. There is no reason to doubt that the men and women deployed on Operation Slipper are doing



the specific jobs they have been given very well.

Professor White argues that only a much larger military intervention than the one currently taking place would have a serious chance of success, describing anything else as "well-meaning futility".

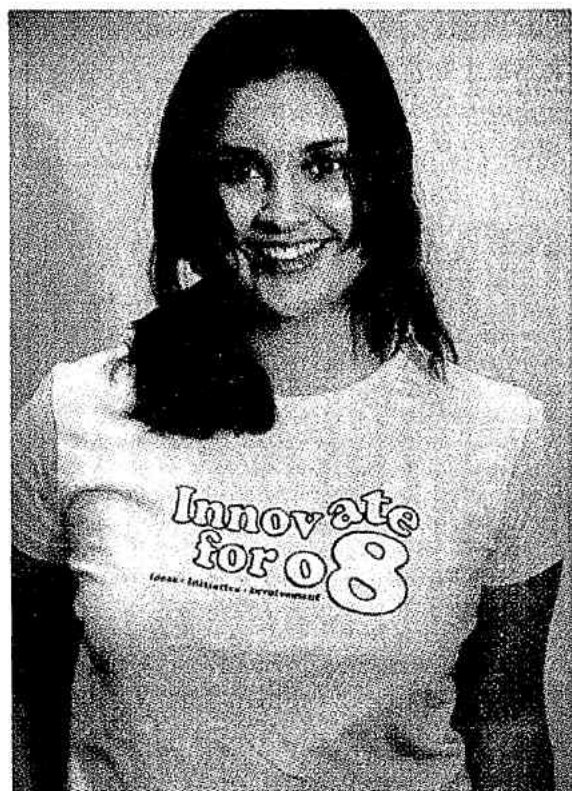
DEMENTIA RESEARCH CENTRE TO OPEN

Dementia prevention strategies that start with children as young as seven will be a focus of a new network of researchers and health practitioners based at The Australian National University who will develop ways to prevent and mitigate the growing crisis of dementia in Australia, which is predicted to affect up to 500,000 people by 2040.

The Federally funded centre will be led by Associate Professor Marc Budge from the ANU Medical School.

"Dementia currently affects tens of thousands of Australians, and costs the nation upwards of \$6.6 billion each year," A/Prof Budge said. "These figures are predicted to grow rapidly as the number of older people in society increases, which means we're facing a truly massive burden on our nation's health system and economy."

ELECTION RESULTS AND NEWS



JAMILA TO BE PRESIDENT

An inability to eat, anxiety attacks, thoughts of loss, and the friendly chancellery security guard, Merv Gittins, greeted our presidential candidates on Friday morning as they awaited their electoral fates.

Election hacks and candidates were left in limbo for most of the day as ACT Electoral Commission officials fastidiously sorted and collated ballots. This left the ANU's most eager denizens with nothing to do but loiter around the chancellery and relive the week that was. The first and only result from the day's counting arrived late in the afternoon. Jamila Rizvi – of Labor Right fame – will be next year's president. Innovate's hard-working leader secured 51% of the approximately 1,800 votes cast to secure the post, with calls of "Landslide!" promptly ensuing.

Counting on Monday confirmed these calls with Innovate winning nearly all the positions available. The only successful non-Innovate candidates were: the Woroni editors (independent); the international officer (collective endorsed); gen reps Janet Mills, Tim Caddey, Julia Collin, Kacey Lam (all Us), and Alistair Cody (Labor Youth); fac reps Hiroshi Noda (Us, Asian Studies), and Andrew Chou (Us, Law); and the NUS delegate Matt Byrne (Us).

VOTERS DEMAND A NEW WORONI

Students have made a firm decision for change to Woroni, electing the Wiblin–Fletcher team.

The winning ticket, A Woroni Worth Reading, won with a whisker under two thirds of the vote, trouncing Ben Pynt and Danny Glover's "Woroni 2008... You Beautayyyy!!!" ticket.

The campaign presented students with the greatest Woroni cleavage in years. Pynt and Glover advocated a continuance of the format of recent years, with the chief promises being to make the magazine "less of a trashy mag but not a dry broadsheet".

Robert Wiblin and Tully Fletcher ran a far more radical campaign, centred on a switch to fortnightly, rather than monthly, publication, the launch of a Woroni website, a more refined, New Yorker-like writing style, paying contributors, and reduced size and less use of colour.

It remains to be seen whether the editors-elect can deliver on such ambitious promises – although we think the website idea just might work. We wish Tully and Rob all the best in their noble quest.

THE COLLECTIVES USURPED

Innovate candidates have secured all but one of the collectives. Candidates Sarah Vann-Sander, Marina Salas, Anya Aidman and Sarah Sloan have won the Environment, Sexuality, Education and Women's collectives respectively. The collectively endorsed candidate for International officer, Junde Li, was the only successful non-Innovate candidate.

The results – while elating some – have scandalised others, leaving many currently involved in the collectives feeling disposed and wondering, "What now?"

The announcement by the incumbent Executive that they are seeking to change the structural relationship between themselves and the Education collective has further inflamed many who are still to cope with their election loss. President Claudia and her executive proposed an amendment to the Association's constitution at Thursday's (August 30) OGM.

"For some time, there has been an unclear division of authority over educational matters between the Executive and the Education department... the constant tension between the ideas and approach of the Education collective and those of the elected members of ANUSA is becoming harmful to our public image," said Claudia.

The motion was unsuccessful, owing to a spirited fight by the Education Officer and collective.

EXECUTIVE AND OFFICERS

President	Jamila Rizvi
Vice-President	Madeleine Firth
Treasurer	Alex Rafalowicz
General Secretary	Mark Smyth
Social Officer	Sham Sara
Womens Officer	Sarah Sloan
Education Officer	Anya Aidman
Sexuality Officer	Marina Salas
Woroni	Tully Fletcher and Robert Wiblin
International Officer	Junde Li
Environment Officer	Sarah Vann-Sander

GENERAL REPRESENTATIVES

Ben Nixon	Michael Jones	Joe McIntosh	Julia Collin
Jess Lee	Kate Ottrey	Kacey Lam	Alistair Cody
Alex Naughton	Max Ginpil	Janet Mills	
Steve Wenzel	Dylan Edwards	Tim Caddey	

FACULTY REPS

Arts	Adam Brereton, Kristina Olney	Law	Andrew Chou, Shiara Samarasinghe
Asian Studies	Hiroshi Noda, Mariam Hafiz	Science	Andrew Brickhill, Phil Jacksa
Engineering and IT	Grace Foo, Andrew Flint	Economics and Commerce	Saad Hafiz, David Mao

DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

Matt Byrne	Helen Zhang
Tom Wenzel	Steve Mercer

WORONI

LIBERALS READY TO IMPLODE

Tully Fletcher considers the future of the Liberal party.

In January this year ANU academic Norman Abjorensen predicted in *The Age* that an election loss at a federal level could result in the Liberal Party simply 'falling apart'. It's a big statement and a bold prediction, but he's probably right.

The central thesis in Abjorensen's argument is that John Howard is the ultimate party-pooper. For the past 20 years he's defeated so many internal enemies and brought so much power into his own office that the party won't survive once he's gone. After gutting the Liberal Party philosophically and organisationally, the only thing that keeps it together is John Howard.

Since the eighties, John Howard has campaigned tirelessly to remove all the liberals from the Liberal party. It was a classic battle between the 'wets' and the 'dries' that climaxed when Fraser's former Immigration Minister Ian Macphee crossed the floor (with Phillip Ruddock) to vote with the Hawke government in opposition to Howard's newly declared support for using race to select immigrants. After that last stand, wet Macphee was quickly replaced in the next round of preselections on Howard's orders by dry David Kemp. That battle handed Peacock the leadership of the party, but the stage was set for Howard's return and later domination.

Now, apart from a few local councils here and there, the Prime Minister's office is the last trophy in the cabinet for the conservatives. The state Liberals are ineffective and thoroughly trumped by state Labor parties happily stealing most of their agenda. In NSW and Victoria especially, the Liberals are deeply split along factional lines often more bitter than those in the Labor party. The recent infighting over the preselection and deselection of hard right-winger Michael Towke in the federal seat of Cook demonstrated the tension that could break out when the controlling hand of the Prime Minister is removed.

I'm always sceptical of those who make electoral predictions based on the way elections have gone in the past, but you can't avoid a comparison with the 1943 election and today. After a great big whacking by the Labor Party, Menzies' United Australia Party collapsed in on itself and the Liberal Party was formed out of the wreckage. If the current trend continues it looks like another great big whacking is on the way (hooray!), but it doesn't look like there's

another Menzies ready to forge a new party from the ashes.

Just have a look at who might replace Howard. Peter Costello is a great debater, but is not a particularly popular figure within the party and only the Victorian establishment really supports him. Tony Abbott is too religious and right-wing to have broad appeal to what's left of the wets (let alone voters) and Turnbull is too left-wing to appeal to the dominant dries. The amusing but hopeless Downer had his chance long ago and there's no one else with sufficient profile or potential support from Liberal MPs in the House. No one in the parliamentary Liberal Party has the clear support to step into Howard's shoes when he goes and if he loses that's what he'll do.

So what then? There are a significant number of Liberal MPs at federal and state levels who are more politically centrist than Howard and deeply concerned about the growing strength of the extreme right within the party. Without the discipline of a formalised factional system (which keeps the Labor party together) it is entirely conceivable that there will be a split. The Liberal Party will remain, but a new party may form to challenge Labor and the Liberals for the centre. It's easy to claim that we'll always have a two party system, but only a cursory glance at Australian history is needed to disprove that idea. We'll probably always have two main sides to the political argument, but political organisation could be in for a shake-up if Kevin07 t-shirts suddenly become a triumphant collectible.

VOTING IN THE ACT

Some advice from Hannah Lewis on how to make sure that your vote counts at the upcoming Federal election. As she sees it, there are more perks to this city than just Burley-Griffin's water feature and those bike racks on the front of green intercity buses. Why would you live anywhere else?

Everyone should be enrolled to vote, regardless of her or his political affiliations.

I do not dispute this point – in fact, I affirm it. I am not going to convince you about why you should enrol to vote, instead I want to encourage you to help change the Australian Senate from a rubber stamp back into a real house of review.

Currently the Liberal government (with their cronies) have the balance of power in the Senate. This has given them the power to pass legislation without it being reviewed a second time. This is undemocratic and dangerous.

With control of the Senate the Prime Minister has managed to increase HECs by 25%, increase full-fee places, put through VSU and make it increasingly difficult for state-schooled students to do well by unequally funding private and public schools, to name only ways a few ways that he has affected us as students. He has also failed to address student poverty and continued to refuse to reform Youth Allowance qualifying tests.

This needs to change. What will happen if Mr. Howard is allowed another term of governing without a strong Senate reviewing his policies?

As potential voters in the ACT we are ideally positioned to do this. Getup argues that, "In this year's election, ACT voters may well hold the key to that balance of power" (see there website for more). This is because Garry Humphries,

who holds the second Senate seat in the ACT, has one of the most marginal seats in Australia.

If all students who are still enrolled in interstate electorates while primarily residing here were to enrol in the ACT, then we could upturn Senator Humphries simply by voting for any party other than the Liberals.

Changing your enrolment is a process that takes less than five minutes but could significantly affect our future.

Once the writs for the election have been issued you only have one day to enrol and three days to change your enrolment. So if you want to change the Senate from a rubber stamp to a house of review then change your enrolment today.

To get a form to change your enrolment, please go to the Students' Association. Or you can visit, http://www.aec.gov.au/pdf/enrolment/forms/ER016w_ACT_0507_F.pdf for a form to change your details.

Alternatively you can email enrol_in_act@ and we will send you the forms. Also, email this address if you wish to get involved in the campaign.

It's probably worth repeating that the opinions of contributors are not necessarily shared by Woroni's editors. We're not in the business of telling you how to vote, however we would like to help you make an informed choice. Look out for our feature on Senator Humphries and the Senate in our next issue – perhaps he isn't so terrible.

WORONI

AN ELECTION WORTH VOTING IN?

We believe James "Captain Apathy" Fisher wanted this to be printed in time for the SA election. Regrettably for those of you who voted, it turned up in our inbox after the polls had closed. Still, perhaps it's something to keep in mind for next year.

Ah, student politics.

What crap-diddly-ap.

Around this time every year, Woroni is transformed from the wonderfully meaningless, crap-filled snot-rag it usually is, into a soapbox from which student politicians vomit forth the same meaningless bullshit: Gen reps and Presidents wax lyrical about getting more campus car-park spaces; fat kids whinge about cheaper food in the refectory; women's officers promise free beer and strippers in the Chifley Library; some other bastard always pipes up about getting lectures recorded in some obscure subject like "Developments in Elephant Sexuality in North-Western Japan between 10am and 2pm on 3rd August 1972", and would-be Woroni editors promise new and exciting content in the year to come. AND NONE OF IT EVER HAPPENS (with the exception of Woroni this year, because I was in it, so it was clearly the best year EVER, meaning I will invariably be disappointed next year, no matter what Facebook says).

I am, and always have been, completely ignorant, disinterested and unconcerned when it comes to student politics. When people talk about fighting against student apathy, they're fighting against me. I couldn't care less if the young fascists (Liberals), rednecks (Nationals), fascists (Labour), stoners (Greens) or miscellaneous idiots (Independents) got in to "power" this year. The end result is that they don't have the ability to change a fucking thing, and they never will have. Seriously, they're desperately trying to be representative of a vast body of students who realistically don't give a flying fuck. The very act of their trying bars them from being representative.

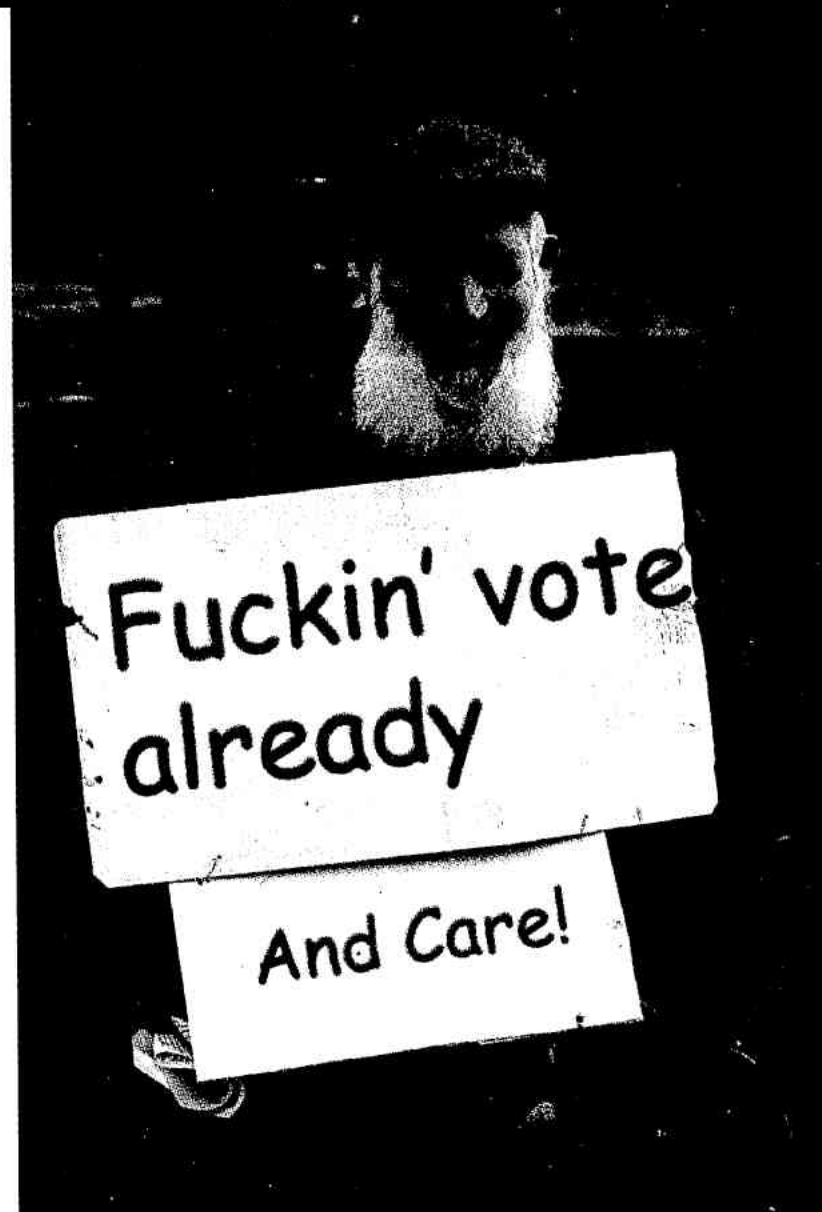
So why bother voting? Why bother going to all the effort of putting numbers in boxes next to names I've never heard of so that some ugly, fat, keen as mustard fuckwit can stand about with a microphone looking important and getting such wonderful experience for their CV,

when I could be doing something more entertaining, like picking my nose, cleaning the toilet, or having my head pounded in by German tourists? Seriously, the office of President would be more effective and influential if it was allocated by lucky dip, and the winner was given a little badge and a lollipop and locked in a concrete box for a year to eat and regurgitate their own faeces. Even I could be President.

As I was walking along the other day, I saw a poster for one of the new Woroni candidates. Their slogan is "A Woroni Worth Reading". My question to you, sirs, is when has Woroni EVER been worth reading? Every now and then, there is a vaguely interesting article, but generally the content doesn't interest me. Doubtless the new candidates will consider that they can win my tiny attention span with stunning new material about the way people live in John's, or some zany new sexual preference that was invented last week. Unfortunately for them, and all the other candidates for all the other positions with their slogans saying something like "Vote Multicultch8izm because not spelling good is endearing!" it's all been done before.

The reality is that we've got it pretty

good here, and things won't get any better when some new whinging rich white kid parades their same-old-same-old whinging rich white kid bullshit in front of an increasingly bored student body (Yes, I realise the irony in what I just wrote, so shut up). So, before you head to the polls stop and think, and you'll realise it's best to be like me and vote for apathy this year. If someone comes up and offers you a "how to vote "me" for fuckwits" instruction sheet, ignore them. Better yet, punch them and piss in their eyes, so I don't even have to ignore them – I can just laugh as they stagger blindly about trying to blink out the ammonia.



This is for the person who complained about the word 'bitch' in the last issue

**“WHEN PEOPLE TALK ABOUT
FIGHTING AGAINST STUDENT
APATHY, THEY'RE FIGHTING
AGAINST ME”**

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We got there first!

ISLANDS OF CONTRADICTION

Petra Kucok gives us an insight into her island paradise, the Solomon Islands.

To take you on a virtual trip to the Solomon Islands I firstly ask you erase any pre-conceived notion you may already have. The small Qantas plane lands in what seems like the middle of nowhere in a Jungle which you find reminds you of a scene from "Predator". There are palm trees, coconut trees, banana trees, and green, lots and lots of green. Imagine Tropicana; a jungle, imagine an uninhabited island and then suddenly, unexpectedly a landing strip and a school sized hall "Honiara International Airport". Dark clouds are completely enveloping the skies and yet it will not rain. It is 30 something degrees and humid, your jeans feel like they are melting onto your skin.

First impressions are as much as you wish them not to be - frightening. The locals stand waiting outside the airport, their arms crossed, smoking cheap cigarettes or chewing beetle nut. The men are build solid and look strong. By instinct you look down but then something catches your eye. The locals smile with beetle nut-red stained mouths and wave at you. The women are sitting on the side walk and a few children are running around, playing barefoot. This scene continues as you jump into a Toyota Hilux (necessary, you are told in order to get through the "roads") You notice almost all the cars are like the one you are in, and most transporting in the back five or more individuals. They stand and wave and seem to be quite amused by your presence there. Hundreds of people walk the streets barefoot, through mud and rocky road. A row of children are carrying baskets on their heads with coconuts and other fruit. They all smile at you, and jump up and down waving. Everyone smiles at everyone and everyone waves.

The buses here are small vans which stop and pick up passengers regardless of how much or how little space their may be. As you get further from the airport the road gets bumpier until eventually all roads disappear and there is only dirt, mud and puddles. A comment on the pot holes gets some laughs and an explanation that this is princess highway compared to what is up ahead. The Hilux moans and groans up a road which looks like land mines took it apart only last week. The puddles splash the windows, "Now THIS is a commercial for a 4WD" you joke as you stiffen your body to avoid your head falling out the window while you bump around. Slowly little huts turn into little houses and then big houses raised above the ground. The tall houses all have security guards standing behind tall wire fencing surrounding each residence. Most of these houses are inhabited by rich locals or the diplomatic community.

You don't see any women with any men. Women walk in twos usually and so do the men. Young children seem to be the only ones in mixed sex groups. Furthermore, these same sex pairs hold hands. Two very large young men are walking hand in hand. "This is customary", you are told as you experience this culture shock. As one might expect two teenage girls to lock hands as they walk the streets, these men too walk together swinging their hands, fingers intertwined and all. They are friends. At this point you are driven past what once was china town; now just the remains of

burned down buildings.

The locals you encounter are indescribably friendly, mild mannered and quiet. When they speak, their tone is barely more than a whisper and few look you in the eye as you ask questions or as they answer them. It is indeed hard to image Honiara in April 2006. It is in fact hard to imagine any violence among these people. They seem to do everything so slowly and in such a relaxed manner. Everything takes quite long to happen and no one stresses or is worried about anything. Ultimately things happen at their own pace and there is no fuss over changing such a slow speed. Children play in mud and rubbish and no one is bothered by the lack of hygiene or is worried about the ramifications of having no garbage disposal system.

These were my first impressions of Honiara. I wonder now whether I seemed like a prude to the locals with my paranoid cleanliness and obsessive compulsive habits in regard to hygiene. Yet between these two extremes, it was a safe bet it would be me leaving the country with some kind of virus.

I was right. Less than 48hrs into my holiday I developed an allergic reaction to something and my arms turned red, itchy and as bumpy as the roads of Honiara. Nevertheless I was adamant

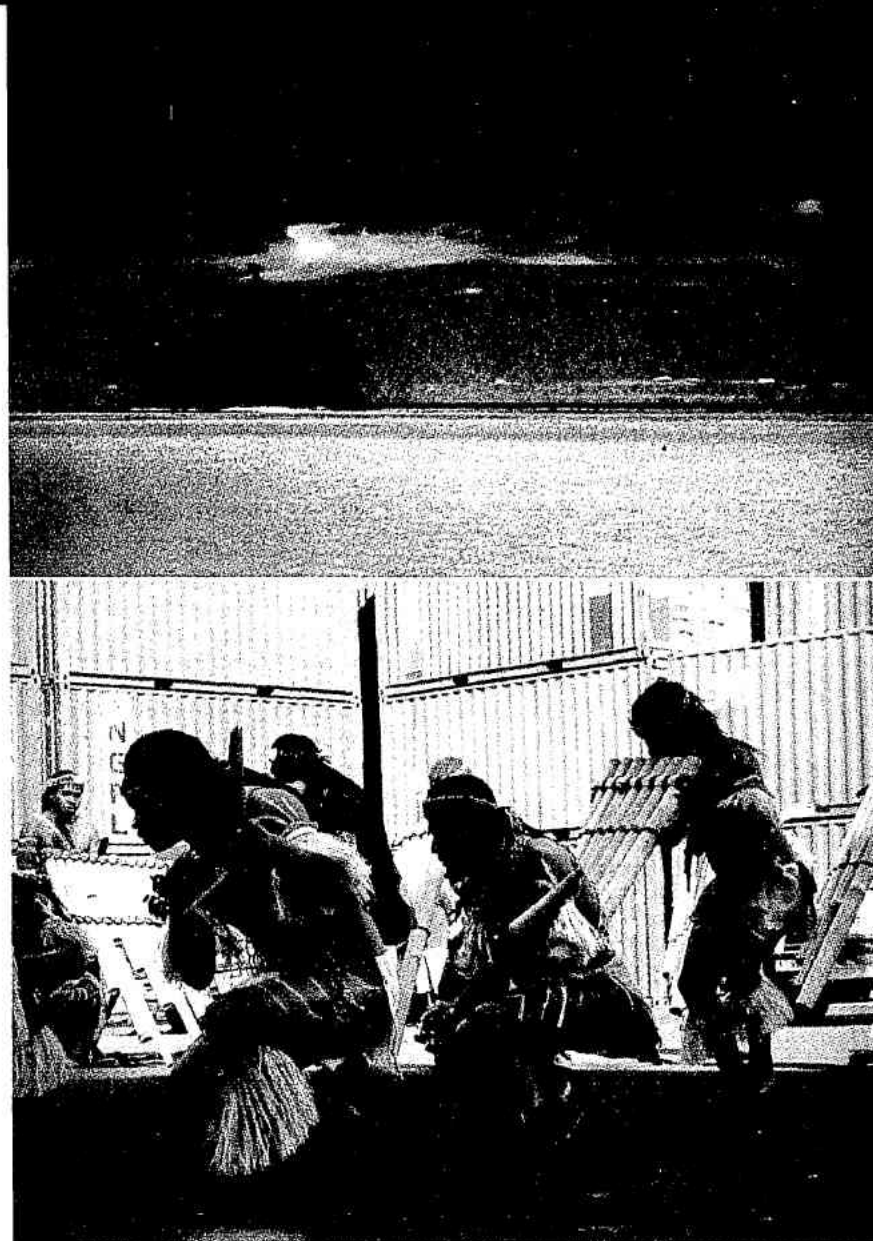
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to mix with the locals, take photos and buy jewelry. So the next day, all red and bumpy I zig zagged down the dirt track avoiding the pot holes the size of elephants and so deep you could probably burry one in them, and set out for town.

A further shock struck me as I became aware that the large scary looking men were what appeared to be 'shy'. They did smile at me, but also looked down if I looked at them, they avoided eye contact and did not want me and especially not my male companions to catch them looking. As I walked past a group of twenty or so men working on building a two storey house (naturally without any protective gear, shirts or shoes) I noted how they waved, smiled, looked down, looked up, saw me still looking and quickly looked down again. As I walked down the steep dirt track I looked back and laughed with amazement as they all quickly looked the other way. 'How respectful', I thought to myself not wanting to imagine all the banter that would have taken place had I walked by a building sight in Canberra on my own in a summer dress.

The highlight of my adventure was after a dreadfully smelly claustrophobic mini plane ride to the Western provinces and more specifically to Gizo where after a short boat ride, "Fat Boys" resort is located; a beautiful new resort owned by an Aussie ex-pat and adventurer who loved the islands so much he settled there. "Fat Boys" is the ultimate Solomon experience, with Bungalows, coconuts, a marine life that will make you thank God you're not colorblind, and a consistently hot, moist climate. The sky at Fat Boys is a blue you have never seen, the sea an aqua you didn't know existed and your skin a to-die-for golden brown. The staff are all family and treat you like a guest in their home, or rather on their home since there is no real indoor area on the whole island, nor is there a need for one since it never gets cold. The bungalows are without doors or many walls, but this is no camping experience. Your personal bungalow has electricity, a TV (with an endless selection of DVDs) and very comfy beds with (for those fearing the little things that go bite in the night) mosquito nets, but yours truly and her company didn't get one attack of the little critters, nor did the TV get much use. For those wanting a break from the water, there is a nicely stocked bar, restaurant, and pool table all on a large raft/bungalow with tables, lounges and a view beyond words.

Needless to say, The Solomon Islands aren't for everyone. Namely, women who cannot do without makeup should forget such a trip unless melted colorful goo is a new look, those with low tolerance for extremely high temperatures and/or humidity should also steer clear, as should anyone with small, high maintenance children. But for those interested, the Solomons and the locals are a beautifully unique experience that should not be judged on recent politics.



CELEBRITY POLITICIANS

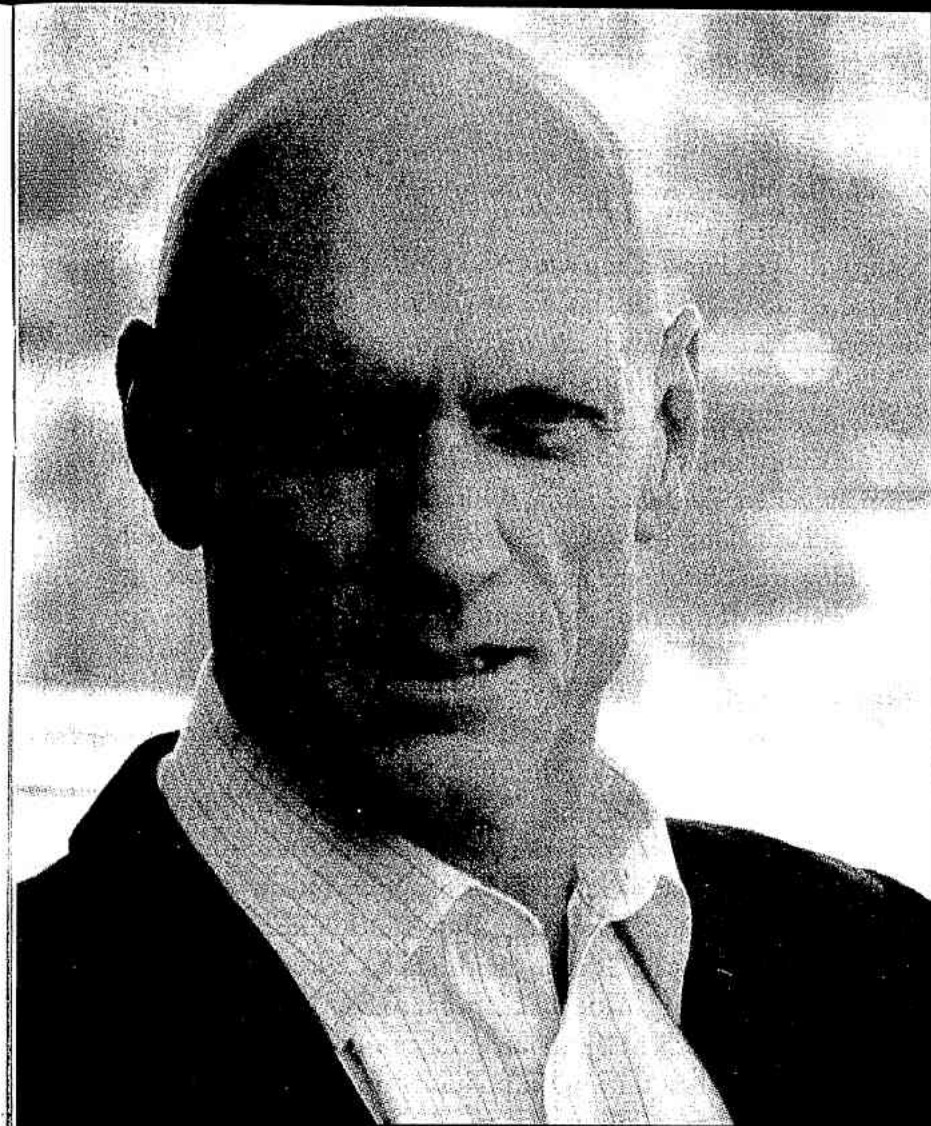
David Butler looks at the battle of style over substance in the upcoming federal election.

Labor has been demonstrating a tendency for 'celebrity' glitz and glamour over sensible policy recently, parachuting high-profile candidates into seats across the country, and none more important than nearby Eden-Monaro. Ex-military colonel Mike Kelly is a new recruit, marching in to contest the bellwether seat that is set to be crucial to Labor's chances this election. It's an interesting strategy that will demonstrate whether Kevin Rudd has a shrewd understanding of the Australian people, or a suicidal, condescending one.

Celebrity candidates are not a new phenomenon. Parties often push mildly well recognised people into politics hoping they'll either win large amounts of votes in their own right, or bolster their party's credentials in a particular field (for instance Peter Garret giving Labor the green light), or sensationalise the fight for the seat to such a level that the incumbent government has to devote important election resources to quell the uprising, as is the case with Maxine McKew running in John Howard's seat of Bennelong. If it works it's very clever politics.

Enter Mike Kelly in Eden-Monaro. He fulfils all the attributes of a celebrity candidate: he's well recognised from his whistle blowing in Iraq during the AWB corruption, he's a popular military humanitarian having served with distinction in Bosnia, Croatia, Kenya, East Timor and Iraq, and he has only a distant link to the electorate he's contesting (through his great grandfather who ran for the seat in 1940). But he will bolster Labor's defence credentials as well as being a constant, public reminder of the Howard government's at best negligent oversight of 300 million bucks worth of AWB corruption. That is, if he wins.

Kevin Rudd seems to be banking on these new candidates. As well as Mike Kelly, there's ABC weatherman (celebrity?) Mike Bailey in Joe Hockey's seat of North Sydney, McKew vs. Howard in Bennelong, and popular Sunday paper columnist and relative of the Cornes AFL dynasty Nicole Cornes in the South Australian seat of Boothby. These new candidates



hold an advantage for Labor in that they aren't the typical trade union members that the Liberal Party are targeting as part of their union scare campaign. Nor are they all using the same tactics. The strategy with the two ex ABC candidates is to run a more public, sensationalised campaign against the two high profile Liberals and force them to spend more time campaigning in their electorates than they would like; time which could be better spent attacking Kevin Rudd. Nicole Cornes and Mike Kelly are different however. Labor's strategy in these two seats is to win.

Eden-Monaro is a big deal. It covers a significant chunk of southern New South Wales; everything from rural capitals like Bega and Cooma, coastal towns like Narooma and Bateman's Bay, ski resorts, and suburban centres like neighbouring Quenbeyan. This variety makes it a good cross section of Australian public opinion and a good representation of how they'll vote. In the last 50 years Eden-Monaro has nearly always been won by the election winning party. It is a big electorate, both in size and importance. It is one Labor needs to win if it is to win government, and they're sending in Mike Kelly.

Mike Kelly seems like an electable bloke. He's friendly, outgoing, moustached, but it's not enough to hide his rank inexperience. He's only recently started pronouncing 'Monaro' properly instead of like a Holden commodore owner, and he's contesting an electorate where he'll have to spend most of his time introducing himself before discussing any politics. The question in Eden-Monaro is whether his national service record and friendly nature will be enough to take the seat from Liberal member Gary Nairn.

For some, just the fact that he's not a Liberal Party member will be enough. But for anyone with a genuine interest in voting for the politician who'll serve their electorate best, they may find that high-profile candidates like Mike Kelly insult their intelligence. The Labor Party seems to think that a glossy marketing campaign behind a well known figure head is enough to win votes, and never mind all that traditional, grass roots, campaign-in-your-home-town-on-serious-local-issues stuff that past candidates have carried on with. And it may work. Mike Kelly and his good guy, whistleblower reputation may appeal to our increasing addiction for all things celebrity. Alongside growing dissatisfaction with the Howard government, a well known, non-union candidate may sweep the seat of Eden-Monaro this election. Kevin Rudd is banking on it as part of his populist election approach. It all depends on the voters though, and Rudd has based this election strategy on some very unflattering judgments of the voting public.

The Liberal Party can relax for the moment in Eden-Monaro. All the pressure at the moment is on the newcomer. When the current member Gary Nairn was asked what he thinks of Mike Kelly, his response was "Well, I don't know, I don't know... I don't know him

along with, you know, along with 90,000 other voters in Eden-Monaro. I don't think he's known by anybody." Mike Kelly has to overcome this disadvantage and become more than a reputation and a 'Vote for Mike Kelly' poster if he is to pose a threat this election.

Whatever happens, we'll be subjected to some of the most cringe worthy campaigning of the election. Celebrity candidates make the most hideously embarrassing comments in politics. On the battle of Bennelong, Maxine McKew commented recently: "I mean, John Howard is clearly the most seasoned political campaigner in the country. If there's a new definition of underdog, I think I've just earned it." Go Maxine! Claiming that underdog status, I mean, that's pretty shrewd. Voter's always reward the underdog. Mike Kelly commented of his foray into politics that "It's like the Brumbies. If you want to win the Super 14 you're going to go for a player who is going to give you grunt." Mike Kelly is bringing grunt back to the Labor Party. It's been missing ever since Mark Latham tried to thrash Howard with a hand shake and a furrowed brow outside a radio station. Hopefully Mike will field more questions on his policies by saying "It's like the Brumbies." Nicole Cornes in South Australia has made the best of it so far. No football anecdotes or corny clichés, just outright honesty. When faced by the media for the first time in her political career, Nicole responded to questions on her policies by saying "This is all really new to me. I, I've really got to get my head around all of the policies in a more in-depth, in, in a more in-depth way before I can really make a, an educated comment on that."

These are the hot new celebrities that Kevin Rudd is taking to the election in place of local Labor candidates. He's gambling that the Australian people will be wooed by their public achievements and winning smiles, despite their bumbling inexperience and lack of policies. The scary thing is he may be right.

**IN THE LAST 50 YEARS
EDEN-MONARO HAS
NEARLY ALWAYS
BEEN WON BY THE
ELECTION WINNING
PARTY**

MUSIC WAS BETTER BACK THEN

Mature age student Evan Hanford, hits back with music powered punches.

Music was better back then. Back when? Back then, when I was younger. You know it, I know it. There were really big heavy metal bands, like Metallica and Guns and Roses. Hair metal was nearly dead, but even then people had to admit that bands like Poison and Warrant had some pretty good tunes on the radio. Hair Metal. A concept so alien to youth of today you couldn't even begin to describe it.

There were bands like Nirvana, and Soundgarden, and Pearl Jam. These were bands who were so awesome that you can't even try and put their impact into words. Especially Nirvana. But also Soundgarden, and Pearl Jam, and Alice in Chains, and ... it was called 'the Seattle Sound'. And it was amazing. It saved peoples lives.

You could go to a festival and see a lineup including, but not limited to, Sonic Youth, the Beastie Boys, Rancid, Ani DiFranco, Beck ... you could take the bus up from Canberra with your mates and you could work out things about your life, your middle-class Canberra teenage life, you could lie down under a big tree next to some Canadian girl you had just met and puff on a jay and there would be Thurston Moore in the distance, singing about how men are not alone on the Diamond Sea, and you could feel like you were having some kind of epiphany, even if you couldn't quite say what it was. Because it was true: men are not alone, on the Diamond Sea. Look into his eyes and you will see.

Siamese Dream, by the Smashing Pumpkins. By now it had gone past the stage of starting a band: even though you weren't in the band you could play some of the licks from that album, and it was kind of cool that you could do this and one of the guitarists in the band couldn't, it was even cooler that even though he was kind of a prick he would sit with you and he would say, so how did you do that, and you would show him the lick, it was really simple, you just had to tune it to drop D. Cool, he would say.

Nothing was lame. Every act that was signed to a major label, that was selling CDs in Australia, was simply amazing. I am talking about bands like You Am I, Spiderbait, Regurgitator, the Dirty Three, Tumbleweed, the Cruel Sea, Magic Dirt, you could go along and see bands like these every month and your life would change, probably for the better. Henry Rollins did a show at the Refectory and someone

threw a Doc Marten onstage and he stopped the song and bellowed out "Whose fucken shoe is this?" and everyone there put there hand up, and he said "oh, it everyone's fucken shoe! It's a goddamn commie shoe! That's what it is! I fucken hate hippies!" and then he hurled the shoe back into the mosh pit and the band struck up again, right where they left off. I know this because I was there. I was there because someone let the side door open, those big glass doors, and even though me and my friends were underage we ran right in, just in time for Henry Rollins and the Communist Doc Marten. Henry Rollins is principally known these days as a spoken word artist.

So yeah: music was better then. Of course, music is still being made now. This is what people tell me, at any rate. But it isn't the same. It just isn't. You know it. I know it. I mean, I realize that this argument is embarrassing and self-referential and so on and all of that, and that Magic Dirt are playing the Refectory during Bush Week, but it's just different now.

It's different now for a hundred different reasons, none of which I know how to describe ... I mean I could say something like an iPod is just a walkman or a discman but with more, uh, memory capacity, but that when listen to an MP3 the sound is all compressed and shitty, so really it doesn't matter that you can be walking around with ten thousand songs of whatever floats your boat. It's irrelevant. You could even have say, the Pulp Fiction soundtrack in there and it wouldn't matter, because you probably weren't there when the thing came out. This is not your fault, it's not my fault. It's just a fact. I was at a party recently and people were plugging their laptops into the stereo. I can tell you for a fact, people, that 'Epic' by Faith No More just does not sound the same when it's been compressed down to a file on a laptop. Everything is just too close together.

The astrologer in Woroni says that as sure as the Earth revolves around the sun, everyone here hates me because I'm a mature age student. Well, I would just like you all to know that I understand why, and there is nothing I can do about it. And I understand. Everything really is average nowadays. I was just lucky, I guess, to have grown up at a time when the omnipresent wallpaper that is popular culture was not an infinitely customizable shade of grey.

WORONI

THERE'S A LOT MORE HERE THAN BACON AND HAM

Maria Taylor talks all things piggy.

Here's a question: how can we humans be so generous on an individual level and often so callous on the larger scale? – think war, refugees, wildlife losing habitats, caged livestock.

Since Priscilla joined our family of humans and pets I think the answer's a bit clearer. It's the power of one. No amount of photos or abstract numbers of suffering, bring the truth home like living or being in direct contact with another being.

Priscilla was a shivering little piglet for sale in a rural supply store. In the end I couldn't walk past, being a person who has actively campaigned against the cruel confinement of pigs, particularly sows, in intensive piggeries. So I wanted to know: is it true what they say about pigs – are they so smart, engaging and, really, not unlike a dog? (And if so, why do we condemn some cultures for eating dogs but blithely confine millions of pigs to the miseries of factory farming for ham and bacon?) This was a way to find out first hand how engaging a pig really is.

We like to play!

"Priscilla's Diary" got started to document a piglet's growing up with a few humans and two dogs. After two months, I could report that she is very engaging: very conversational, very positive and confident, (that little curly tail just goes round and round with appreciation) and pretty well does all the things a dog likes to do. She's a great greeter, running up with squeals and grunts as soon as a person appears. She chases with the dogs, chews on sticks with them, gets silly and runs in circles when deluged by an armload of hay and complains loudly when we leave – then heads off for a soothing mudbath to calm down. Eating is another solace. Sound familiar?

She likes a tummy rub, a pat and a treat when everyone else gets one. She likes to dig for roots, and stays busy nibbling on hay and weeds, and would graze happily if only we had clover (or other green pasture or indeed any pasture). As an experiment, (the dog comparison), we tried the halter and lead – it works as long as there's a carrot in front indicating the direction you want to go. She's turned over the vegetable garden with great enthusiasm and efficiency. In fact weeding could be a career path. Thanks to her,

we've discovered that underneath some hard pan is friable soil and I've regained an easy-going relationship to 'dirt'.

Being very social, she communicated that she'd prefer more company 24/7 – and after four months fate (and some kind people) ensured that she did. The only drawback was having to say goodbye to her doggy friends Chloe and Kula (less so for the doggies who had to piggy-sit, which was sometimes borrring!).

In a coincidence of mythic proportions, Priscilla teamed up with boy pig named Elvis before Christmas and they clicked right away. 'Love me Tender' might have played in the background as the two made little 'mmm' 'mmm' noises to each other and pledged eternal friendship. (For those too youthful to remember this, Elvis Presley's wife's name was Priscilla and she also was very young and beautiful).

Priscilla now has a new home on the banks of the Murrumbidgee and has not only Elvis in the household, but alpacas, donkeys and geese to chase around as well.

All in all, if Priscilla were a person, I couldn't help but like her for all her positive qualities. I like her as a pig as well.

Is there a deep and meaningful lesson here?

Well, it may be that having a lighter footprint on the world around us calls for a more inclusive philosophy.

University of California emeritus Professor Michael Soule has proposed that if you care about the plight of factory-farmed animals and you care about the hunting of whales or the future of polar bears or the Mountain Pigmy possum in the face of climate change, and you also care about the labour conditions of coffee pickers, or about orphans thanks to war and disease, and you would

like to do something to make life better for them all, then, you may be onto the path needed to 'save nature and the world'.

Soule, who was at the ANU last year to launch a new landscape conservation initiative, is recognised as the 'father of conservation biology', the author of many books and countless research articles on the subject since 1980. He now wants to talk about the principle of 'kindheartedness for all beings' and a synthesis of life-affirming movements as the key to sustainability and survival.

He tells his audience that as a conventionally-trained scientist, it has taken a long journey – across continents, two marriages and a voyage into widely diverging fields of knowledge – including the study of psychology, mythology and Buddhism – to realise that it's OK, even good to be emotional and cry for what we are losing in the natural world around us.

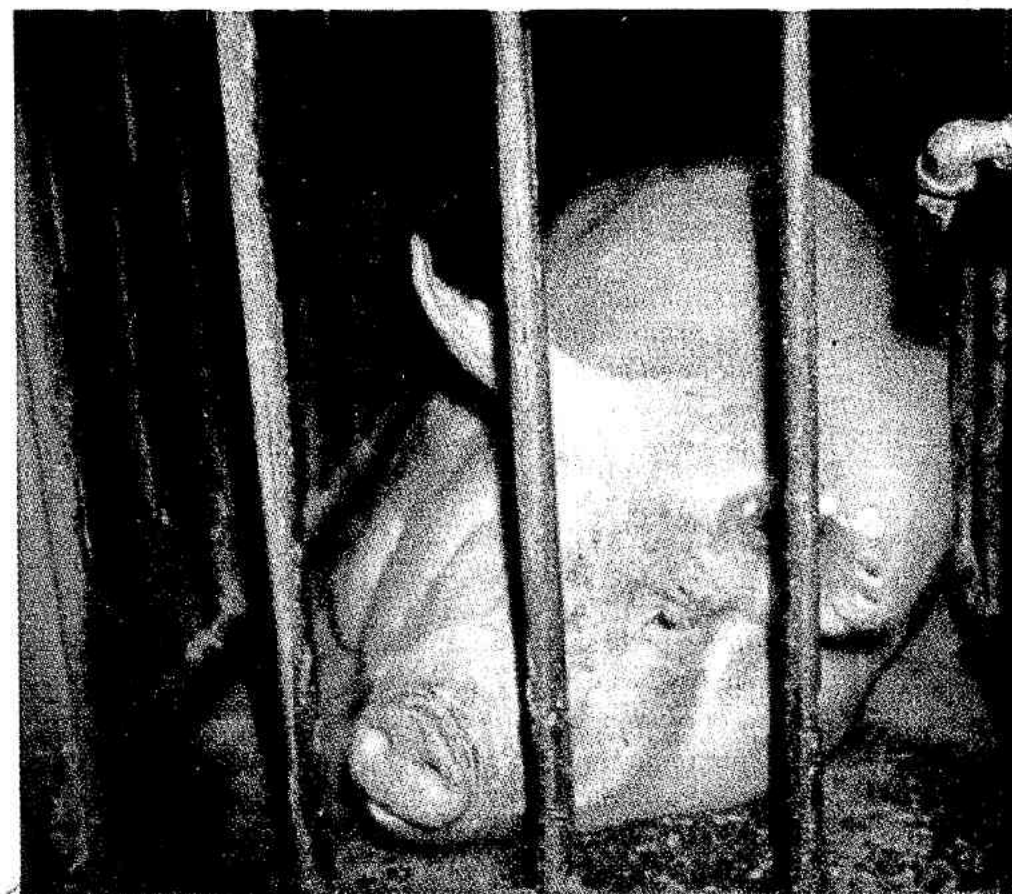
Feeling that urge to save something?

Indeed, the urge to 'save something' or 'help someone' is valuing life. We might recognise the social movements as humanitarianism, animal protection and environmentalism.

The problem, says Soule, is that not only don't these movements talk to each other, they're often internally focused on single issues like poverty alleviation or saving this or that species or individual. Denial can be the companion of these narrow forms of compassion – meaning we self-protect by remaining ignorant, wilfully or otherwise, of other ethically-challenged arenas.

We don't often connect the dots of how our fossil fuel-based, consumerist, global culture is overwhelming everything in its path. As the social philosopher Ronald Wright puts it, our tendency to watch the ball and not the game is dangerous.

So herein lies a pretty good new year's resolution: with the understanding and the kindness to stand up for all creatures and life processes, many directions for 'eco-living' may reveal themselves naturally.



For information about factory farming and what you can do, go to:
www.savebabe.com

www.woroni.com

An internet site without ^{much} porn!

M(Y) GENERATION

Kate Holloman makes an argument for a Republic

*People try to put us d-down (talkin bout my generation)
Just because we get around (talkin bout my generation)
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (talkin bout my generation)
I hope I die before I get old (talkin bout my generation)*

My Generation "The Who" (1965)

How to solve a problem like Generation Y?

According to the infallible and hallowed Wikipedia, Generation Y consists of everyone born 1978-2000, if my limited mathematics education serves me well; we're looking at anyone between the ages of 7-29. Politically speaking, Gen Y is often labelled as the "apathetic" group, politically ignorant and disinterested. Rebecca Huntley, the author of *The World According to Y: Inside the new adult generation* argues that we are not necessarily apathetic on the whole, but wilfully disengaged from a process that has little meaning for us.

The driving force behind the re-formation of the ANU Republican Club as an affiliated Club & Society at ANU this year was the desire to re-engage the crazy little thing called Generation Y with the movement towards an Australian republic with an Australian Head of State. Not an issue that's right on the tip of many peoples tongues when asked to name the most important political issues in 2007.

In 2006, 29% of Australians aged 18-34 fell into the "undecided/don't care" category when asked whether Australia should become a republic; 45% were for a republic and 26% against. Understanding the "undecided/don't care" category is crucial. It's not merely a case of whipping up an attractive model and naming a referendum date- it's a question of engagement and education. Too often the 18-30 voting bracket is put in the political too-hard basket. Throwing our hands to the sky and blaming the "generation gap" is just too easy.

Although I must say I'm already starting to experience the pangs of the internal generation gap. On Bush Week Market Day I wore my new Goonies t-shirt; to my horror I did not meet Goonie-loving fellow travellers. Bright young things would approach with a grin and a thumbs up- "yeah, I love Goon"... when I would politely correct them by advising that my shirt was actually an homage to the 80's cinematic classic, they would return glazed looks as they racked their brain for a point of reference... and no, nothing. Could it be that there is now a generation of tertiary educated Australians who have not seen, nay, not heard of the Goonies? A generation to which the "truffle shuffle" means nothing?

Now I hear you say, "what does Corey Feldman have in common with the political re-engagement of Australians aged between 15-30?" Good question.

The point is our socio-political environment, like our cultural environment is in a constant state of flux. Cultural assumptions cannot be formed lightly. It is not enough to say that Australia will naturally become a republic with an Australian Head of State by the simple operation of time. Here at the ANU, we have students in their first year of university born in 1989 that were 10 years old when the Republic Referendum question was put to Australian voters in 1999. Australian Republicanism is a movement, not a waiting game.

This is why on Saturday 15 September, 11am-4pm Garema Place Civic, ANURC will be staging "Rock for Republic" - a day of free music, popcorn, fairy floss, face painting and constitutional mythbusting! That's right if we choose to become a republic, we can still play in the Commonwealth games, just like the 31 out 53 Commonwealth nations, which are republics with their own Head of State.

**ON SATURDAY 15 SEPTEMBER, 11AM-4PM
GAREMA PLACE CIVIC, ANURC WILL BE STAGING
"ROCK FOR REPUBLIC"**

24

LITTLE CHILDREN ARE SACRED

Rose McConnell & Edwina Loxton look at the recent government intervention in aboriginal communities

200 years ago settlers came, drove a people from their homes and took their children away. Not surprisingly, the result is a dichotomised society, with one people stuck in a cycle of poverty and disempowerment.

Howard's recent action in the Northern Territory has met with a variety of responses. In many cases, we simply don't know the truth of what the problem is and the measures being taken.

Anna Morozow wrote in "My Two Cents..." in the last edition of *Woroni*, that "if Howard didn't do anything...how would we react?" Well, if previous similarly commissioned reports are anything to go by, the answer is, we wouldn't react. This time, the involvement of the government has resulted in a sensationalised story, suddenly worthy of media attention and so cause for public concern.

Because we have been given such emotional accounts of both the problem, and of the government's reaction, it is useful to step aside, and actually look at the recommendations given in the report. It's easy to lose sight of the value of a report such as this 'Little Children are Sacred.' But its authority should be remembered in the face of government electioneering and media agendas.

Anna Morozow said of the report "[i]t is gut-wrenching and it's hard to fathom that anyone who has read it could use the issue purely for political mileage". Yet the report itself notes that it is not presenting any new information, but that it has all been brought forward in previous similarly commissioned reports from around the country, to no substantive response.

The report acknowledges that sex abuse occurs in all communities:

"there is, in our view, sufficient anecdotal and forensic and clinical information available to establish that there is a significant problem in Northern Territory communities in relation to sexual abuse of children. Indeed, it would be remarkable if there was not, given the similar and significant problems that exist elsewhere in Australia and abroad."

Child sex abuse is seen by the report authors as a product of broader entrenched social problems, resulting from the "breakdown" of families and communities:

"However, we quickly became aware - as all the inquiries before us and the experts in the field already knew - that the incidence of child sexual abuse, whether in Aboriginal or so-called mainstream

communities, is often directly related to other breakdowns in society. Put simply, the cumulative effects of poor health, alcohol, drug abuse, gambling, pornography, unemployment, poor education and housing and general disempowerment lead inexorably to family and other violence and then on to sexual abuse of men and women and, finally, of children."

Because child sex abuse is a deep seated and ubiquitous problem, it requires a whole community response. The structure of Indigenous communities particularly necessitates this. Community Elders have an important role in directing and guiding communities.

The report explains that the deep rooted nature of the problems means that change may take a generation or more, and as such should be approached from a broad, grass roots level. This approach should include improved education structures and access, reduction of alcohol availability, Family and Community Services (FACS), the Police, and the community working together, empowerment of children and adults, family support services, and the appointment of a commissioner for children and young people.

The report does not advocate punitive measures for resolving the problem. There is not a single mention of military interventions, punishment, taking away permits, forcing people off their land. Indeed, according to Pat Anderson, a health administrator and co-author of the report "not a single action that the Commonwealth has taken so far that has corresponded with a single recommendation."

Yet, these actions have been taken, contravening the traditional community hierarchy, further undermining systems that are fighting for cohesion - a fight which, according to the authors of the report, must be won if child sex abuse is to be eliminated.

Child sex abuse occurs in all communities in Australia, remote and urban. The reasons for it are deep seated. Those who say "at least he's doing something" ought to rethink this. Not all action is advantageous. Treating one people as though it is perverted and criminal is a sure way to further dichotomise this country. The harm that can be done through race-based policies must not be underestimated.

Action is not inherently good, and potentially very harmful. Policies that empower communities would be much more effective than those that coerce and punish individuals who themselves have pasts that may be unimaginable to others.

WORONI

oneday.

On September 1, The Oaktree Foundation will launch its annual Australia-wide fundraising campaign - oneday

Throughout September, we ask communities, schools, universities, churches, workplaces and individuals across the country to organise an event, no matter how big or small, to raise money for an Oaktree project. This year, we aim to raise \$250,000 for Oaktree's project in Timor Leste, an amount that will allow us to:

- Build and expand primary schools
- Create scholarships for vulnerable children
- Train teachers to work with children who have grown up in turmoil
- Establish and stock community libraries to combat illiteracy

The ACT Oaktree Branch will be hosting a number of events throughout September in order to achieve its individual target of \$30,000 -

MAKEPOVERYTHISTORY ZEROSEVEN "The Journey Continues" Movie Screening

1st September 2007

4:00pm - 6pm Pre Screening Socialising @ the Kremlin Bar
6:30pm - 8:30pm Premiere of MAKEPOVERYTHISTORY ZEROSEVEN "The Journey Continues" and the Launch of oneday @ the Copland Theatre, ANU. \$15 per person. Tickets at the door.

Contact: b.smith@theoaktree.org

"Tip the Scales" Launch

2nd September 2007

5:00pm - 8:00pm Launch of 'Tip the Scales' and 'Sunday Sets' @ Knightsbridge Penthouse. Gold coin donation.

Contact: a.gower@theoaktree.org

onedayonenight

19th September 2007

5:30pm - 8:00pm An evening of drinks, canapés and live music @ Binara one, Crowne Plaza.

Contact: a.gower@theoaktree.org

oneday of music

29th September 2007

5:00pm - 8:00pm A night jam packed with local and interstate bands, raising money for oneday @ The Venue.

Contact: a.gower@theoaktree.org

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TOOTHBRUSH REVIEW

American Dentist Association certified member and all-round oral enthusiast Phillip Norman offers some advice on your next toothbrush purchase.

Colgate Total Professional (\$3.95)

I must admit that at first I found the idea of a professional toothbrush a bit intimidating. I am, after all, a mere amateur at the sport – a recreational user more than a rabid five times a day man. Despite my scepticism, Colgate's Professional toothbrush is really very easy to master. The head is long and thick enough, and the bristles feel nice on both the teeth and tongue. The Professional's performance matched its promise for three blissful minutes and the price is quite good given the amount of colour on the toothbrush box.

All up, 7 brand power adverts out of 10.

Colgate Whitening (\$4.99)

Whitening my arse. Tell me, how does a toothbrush whiten? Toothpaste, sure – but toothbrushes? Do they add bleach or extra fluoride to the head of the brush? I don't buy it for a second. Moving on: After the colour of the toothbrush – pink in this case – the most important aspect is its touch. You can't own a toothbrush with angry bristles. Colgate Whitening was disappointing. The head was trying to sell itself as some Zen minimalist fashion accessory, which is bollocks for a toothbrush. The bristles, meanwhile, left my teeth feeling thoroughly disappointed after its few minutes of action. For \$4.99 I want more bang for my buck and Colgate Whitening didn't even come close.

4 empty promises out of 10.

Oral B Stages 2-4 years (\$3.51)

Okay, so I bought this one by mistake – it's designed for children ages two-four. I guess the Winnie the Pooh imprint on the handle got me carried away a little. This bristles are soft, like willow leaves, perfect for that post-uni tongue massage. Mmmmm, sexy. Oral B Stages is, really, utterly useless as a toothbrush, but a perfect tooth massager at a decent price.

A 6 out of 10 chance that the checkout operator will think you are an underage parent.

Homebrand Toothbrush 3 pack (\$3.08)

Ah, the noxious weed of the toothbrush aisle. With bristles tough



as teeth themselves, and a body made from hardened asbestos dust and recycled orphans toys, the Homebrand Toothbrush is a firm master. If you're a little masochistic (into a bit of the old bleeding gums) then these toothbrushes, available only in 3 packs, are for you. They are no holds barred, take no prisoners, mindless killing machines – and they will put you're teeth in their place better than any braces. Plus, if you turn the toothbrush around you can use the other end as a hammer. At just over a dollar each, these are excellent value as well as being multi-purpose.

8 distraught dentists out of 10.

Oral B Cross Action Power, \$24.95

Seriously, what student can afford a \$25 toothbrush? Not I. It looks nice though.

2 overdue Centrelink repayments out of 10.

Reach Between, \$3.28

This one is my personal choice. I chose the brush with a green body and green and white bristles. The bristles – at medium strength – are perfect for all teeth, tongue and gums. The design is simple but unpretentious and the price compares well with the bigger brands. It left my teeth feeling very satisfied, if a little bored, after being brushed by half a dozen different brushes.

A Good show and 9/10 of my teeth agree that Reach Between is the deserving winner of Woroni's first ever toothbrush review. The dissenting tooth is being pulled.

WORONI



Bush week was a resounding success with plenty of music, drinking and good times. The bar crawls were crawl-a-riffic, Expatriate rocked out and market day had a high turnout.

Fist is a Verb were winners of Scav Hunt, with Andy Westman proving to be the man-of-the-match(see opposite page) leading his team to victory and a \$500 prize.



THE AUSTRALIAN



The Australian ANU Law Ball started off the Faculty ball season in fine form at Parliament House.

The Law School Society upheld their reputation for holding some of the best events on campus, with everyone reporting that a 007 Bond theme had never looked so good.

Salsa

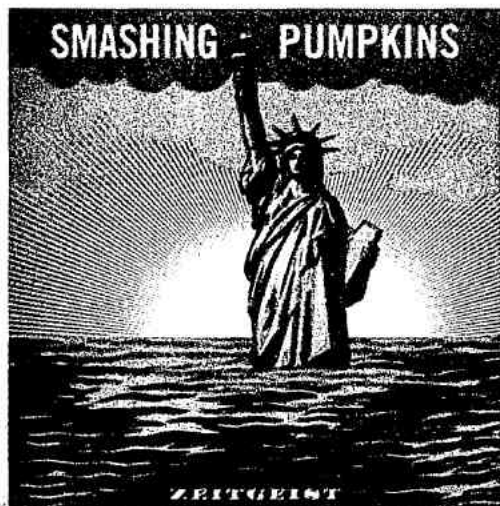


It's fun to say and a lot of things go into it!

Music
Film
Books
What's On

WORONI

Music.



Zeitgeist
Smashing Pumpkins

Yes, it's another reunion album. There's a temptation just to can the album as a moneyspinning exercise. But the album at least starts well (that slightly-too-tightly wound snare drum; those swooping guitars), so let's see where it takes us.

For starters: despite the FM production, this is a lot better and a heck of a lot bigger than most FM rock. The old, slightly-heavier-than-expected guitar tone has been most lovingly recreated. The drums are particularly brilliant, and pushed way on forward in the mix. The sound is all completely over the top, with little regard for dynamics ('Doomsday Clock', 'United States') – but isn't that what it was always about? Other areas fail to satisfy. It's not like the bass ever had too much to do in the Pumpkins of old, but the distinct lack of an interesting bass presence (cf. Siamese Dream) renders the album lifeless. Most egregious is Billy Corgan's voice, which struggles, wan and undercoat-thick, throughout the entire record, even when he layers it on tracks like 'Starz'. The message he's delivering, which sees the angsty personal shoegaze of old replaced with juvenile cookie-cutter politics, is no better (even the title: Zeitgeist – it's deep, right?). Naff and inaccurate titles aside, this isn't a bad album, but for a band that honestly changed lives last decade, it's not nearly good enough.

Charles Prestidge-King



Where We Land
Damien Leith

What really gets to me is people who refuse to listen to pop music because they are too 'alternative'. They'll say its too 'commercial' or not 'real music'. These idiots ignore the fact that teams of writers work around the clock to produce the most catchy hooks, lyrics and beats they possibly can. Most of the time these songwriters/producers will have everything finished bar the vocal when the artist comes in. Case to a point: Swede Max Martin and his Cherion studio. Not only has Max and his team single handedly written most of the Backstreet Boys biggest hits (including I want it that way, everybody (backstreets back), quit playing games with my heart and as long as you love me) he has also written smashes for Britney (oops! I did it again, hit me baby one more time) Bon Jovi (it's my life) and since you been gone for Kelly Clarkson.

Regardless of what you think of these songs, it is impossible to deny their catchiness, or the millions of sales they have accrued. Australian Idol produces Popstars, so why let them write their own songs? Maybe if the show was structured around contestants writing their own songs this would be a good idea. But it isn't. Damien, you seemed like a smart enough guy on Rove. So why not leave your songwriting to the professionals?

Where we land starts off shakily with 22 steps, a song that could pass off as an average U2 ballad if its lyrics and chord progression weren't quite so predictable. Unfortunately, this is as good as it gets for Leith, ironic given that 22 steps is the only song he didn't write on Where we Land. The rest of the album sinks so far into inoffensively bland MOR balladeering punctuated by gratuitous falsetto that after another 20 minutes of listening to this album and staring at the off white walls in the Woroni office I was unable to tell the two apart. Were the walls making the music of their own accord? Or was the music itself blanketed over the walls, creating a kind of bland, off white covering that was passing itself off as paint? We'll never know.

Tom Spira



INTERVIEW WITH THE 67 SPECIALS



Boosted by swinging lead single Killer Bees, Melbourne's 67 Special have conquered the sophomore slump with their second album, *The Devil May Care*. Woroni spoke to drummer Ben Dexter.

How did 67 Special form?

We were mutual mates and we were playing a bit of hippy music and jamming on blues riffs and all that sort of crap... We decided to write some proper songs and get out of the St Kilda café where we were doing a residency and put on a proper rock 'n' roll show.

Do you look back on those days when you were playing hippy music and cringe?

Yeah, absolutely. It's like looking at old photos of yourself wearing dodgy clothing [laughs].

In that early period of gigging, Ash [Santilla, vocalist] was electrocuted while playing...

He was electrocuted at the Espy. Although they fully deny it, I saw the spark come out of his lips from the microphone and we all saw him being bolted three metres back and he started frothing from the mouth. So what part of that the Esplanade Hotel in St Kilda Melbourne deny, I don't know.

So they were trying to say he made it up?

They totally deny the whole thing. It's ridiculous! I mean, of course they don't wanna put themselves in any shit with the law but we're not gonna sue the Espy, it's a national icon of rock 'n' roll. If he'd died though we'd sue the fucking tits off them!

Tell us a bit about your new album.

We wanted to write a really rock 'n' roll album, raw as hell, and I think we've achieved that. Sonically, it's like listening to a vinyl record. If you turn it up loud enough and maybe put a wet rag in the room, you can imagine us there with you because it's that live sounding. We gleamed that off old recordings of The Faces, early Rolling Stones, old delta blues artists ... But when you listen to the record, there's newer influences in there and some stuff that's completely unrelated too ... It's very different to what's on the radio right now.

What was the recording process like? You had a pretty awesome producer in Jacquie King...

We were looking for a producer who could create this raw sound that we needed, that could sound like it had come from anywhere

between the '50s and the '70s, and Jacquie had done Tom Waits, Kings of Leon's Aha Shake Heartbreak and Modest Mouse. So he had a good range of styles for us to draw from and he also knew how to use a lot of cool technology and deal with old microphones. We cut everything to tape, so if we fucked it up, we had to go back and do the entire song again – there was no cutting or splicing.

You guys describe yourselves as a live band first and foremost...

We love being on the road, we're all good mates, there's no fighting or anything like that. We just love getting on the road and attacking stages night by night.

I guess there's also the associated partying...

Exactly. We're always up for the party at any venue we get to, as long as the rider is good [laughs].

Do you have any fond memories of those experiences in Canberra?

We do have a rather bad memory of Canberra and that was when we had these pig shooters try and kill us with their dogs. We were playing at the Greenroom with Dallas Crane when we first went out on tour and these two really massive dudes smacked the crap out of all of us including Dallas Crane ... They had all these dogs, and Ash and Dave [Larkin, Dallas Crane vocalist] were perturbing these guys and demanding that they let their dogs out of this small cage they had in the back of their van saying they were from the National Animal Rights Association or something, and these massive guys got out of the car and started belting people. The cops rocked up and called shit off but only by the time Dallas Crane and some of the other boys had the crap smacked out of them!

I don't think that will be happening this time man – ANU is in a pretty safe part of town!

Sweet! [laughs]

[ed - this was originally to be published before 67 Special's gig at ANU, however things got on top of us, and so we apologise to the nice guys at 67 Specials for that]



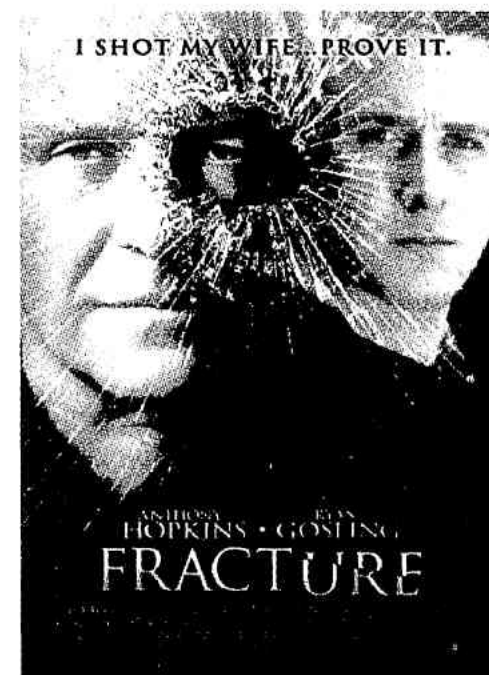
GET THE FLOCK OUT OF HERE!

BLACK SHEEP

B

6 out of 10
Jonathan Fr...

Fracture



A group of people are halted by a sheep. The people pass comment about how harmless sheep are. The sheep attacks, and the audience is treated to some cartoonishly extravagant gore. Repeat for 90 minutes.

This is basically the formula for *Black Sheep*, a one-joke comedy that I think was inspired by the Monty Python killer fluffy rabbit from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. That was funny. It also only lasted for a minute or two. *Black Sheep* goes on, and on, and on, and on, and on. Plot-wise, it's a gruesome exaggeration of the *Zombie Plot*: what happens when New Zealand's sheep change from furry, dumb creatures into maniacal, blood-sucking monsters?

New Zealanders have good reason to fear a sheep revolt, as sheep outnumber people by a ratio of 4:1. In the film, scientists work on a serum that turns people into sheep. I assume in case the country runs out. Which begs a question -- in a land of 40 million sheep, what is their motivation? I guess because if there are no zombie sheep, there's no movie.

The acting is uniformly poor. I think about 70% of comedy is in the performance. The film's hero Henry, played a bland and uncharismatic actor named Nathan Meister, is a simpering wimp. Henry's easy going friend Tucker (Tammy Davis) is easily the film's funniest character, but he's removed from the fray early on. With him goes the film's potential.

Black Sheep is clearly inspired by early Peter Jackson work like *Dead Alive*, which combined innovative special-effects with a kind of knowing kitsch value. It's plain to see that *Black Sheep* had a much larger budget than Jackson's early work (there are a couple of pretty spectacular and complex action set pieces), but it lacks the energy and creativity of its influences. The characters are dead on the screen, just waiting for the next sheep attack. It says something about a horror/comedy when its most engaging facet is its scenery.

Sometimes I wonder if studios begin with a film's name and then write the script, rather than the other way round. "Fracture" is a good name for a film like *Fracture*. It's a law procedural by way of psychological thriller, and what's that? Anthony Hopkins' character is only a fracture mechanic. He kills his wife and a young hot-shot attorney, the too-perfectly-named Willy Beachum (Ryan Gosling) who "doesn't like to lose" is assigned to his case. Ted Crawford (Hopkins) signed a confession and the weapon was found at the scene of the crime. It's an open and shut case.

Uh-huh. But (you knew one of those was coming), it turns out that it's not as open and shut as Beachum thinks. Ted has insisted on representing himself and, much to Beachum's annoyance and surprise, the weapon the police found at the house has never been fired. *Fracture*'s a nice enough time at the movies, but when you walk out of the cinema and think a little more about what you've just watched, the more questions you'll think of. But hey, I'm told constantly that I think about movies too much.

If the movie works (and it almost does), it's because of the acting. It's of a universal but unsurprising high quality, and is better than the film's material deserves. Yes, Hopkins is treading old ground here with echoes of Hannibal Lecter, but who didn't have fun watching that character? And Ryan Gosling, that brilliant young actor, plays his role with such conviction and energy that he almost allows us to forgive the film's numerous plot-holes.

Almost. I'll be the first to admit that I can apply logic to movies a little too mercilessly, and I am completely aware that I am supposed to Suspend my Disbelief. But the ending of *Fracture* raised more questions than it answered about the intelligence of Ted (who the film paints as some sort of criminally-minded Einstein) and the intelligence of the police officer who was having an affair with Ted's wife. But *Fracture* is fun, and I suppose that's the bottom line.

Jonathan Fisher
8 out of 10
Sicko



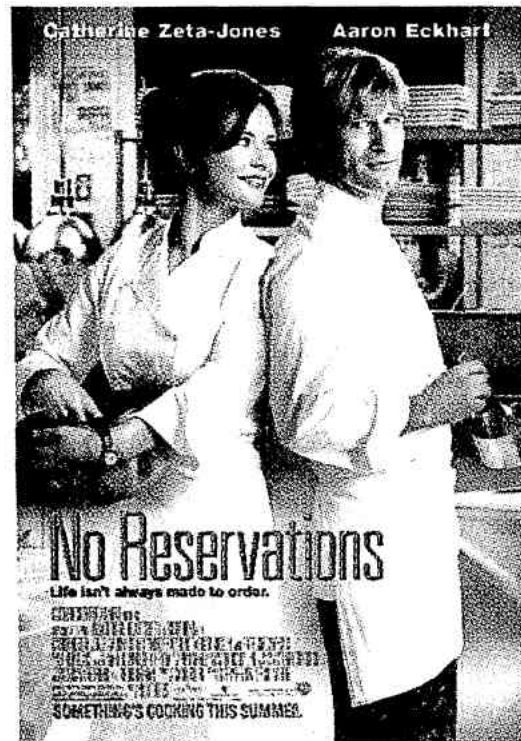
The man that millions love, and millions hate, is back. I sometimes hate Michael Moore (*Fahrenheit 9/11*), and sometimes love him (*Roger and Me*, *Bowling for Columbine*), and I find it possible to admire him for a film like *Sicko*. There is a certain irony in an overweight man (although, from what I hear, he's dieting) waxing on about the poor quality of America's health system, but Moore has found a topic that members of either side of the political spectrum can care about.

Sicko begins with the story of a man who had two fingers chopped off in a sawing equipment accident. His hospital offered to restore his middle finger for US\$60,000, or his ring finger for \$12,000. "Because he's a romantic", Moore tells us, the man opted for the ring finger to be reattached.

There are hundreds of thousands of cases like this, Moore informs us, because the American health system is run by HMOs (Health Maintenance Organisations), and there is no public health insurance.

Moore tries to minimise his presence in *Sicko*, possibly because he's learned his lesson from *Fahrenheit 9/11*. He doesn't appear on-screen until the film's half-way point, and his narration is much less in-your-face, and he allows his subjects to simply tell us their horror stories.

It's entirely possible (and, let's face it, probable) that Moore has manipulated a few of the facts for *Sicko*. The hospitals he visits in England and Canada might have been showing off a little for the camera, and Moore doesn't tell us about the enormous problems that Britain's National Health Scheme has. And I personally think the French are taking health care a little too far in doing the laundry of new mothers. I've never thought that people should go to Michael Moore documentaries for all the facts, but his films act as a sort of introduction to the issues, an invitation to go out and learn more about them on your own.



Megan McKeough
6 out of 10
No Reservations

If *No Reservations* was indeed a recipe, it would be a familiar, stable, and reliable one. There are no surprises here, in this dish called the 'Romantic Comedy set in New York' - the ingredients are all the same, there are no unfamiliar flavours and the end result is nothing awe-inspiring, though pleasant enough.

Take one career-orientated, tightly wound chef, Kate (Catherine Zeta-Jones), add one unexpected accident, and then mix career woman with traumatised but sweet young girl, Zoe (Amber Breslin). Shake things up with new addition Nick (Aaron Eckhart) and wait for emotions to rise. Serve with a lot of fun humour from Eckhart, a little neuroses from Zeta-Jones and a solid performance from Breslin.

Director Scott Hicks plays it pretty safe in all respects with this film - he keeps everyone's clothes on, and wraps everything up with a predictable, corny, but sweet ending. The only big problem I had with *No Reservations* is that it is a little inconsistent and rushed in places - I felt that Kate came around to liking Nick a little too suddenly, started disliking her job a little too quickly, and that the chemistry between Zeta-Jones and Eckhart could have been much steamier.

Overall, though, *No Reservations* is satisfying enough as a Sunday afternoon flick, watched with lots of snacks and few expectations.

WORON

JONNO VS MEGAN

Jonathan Fisher

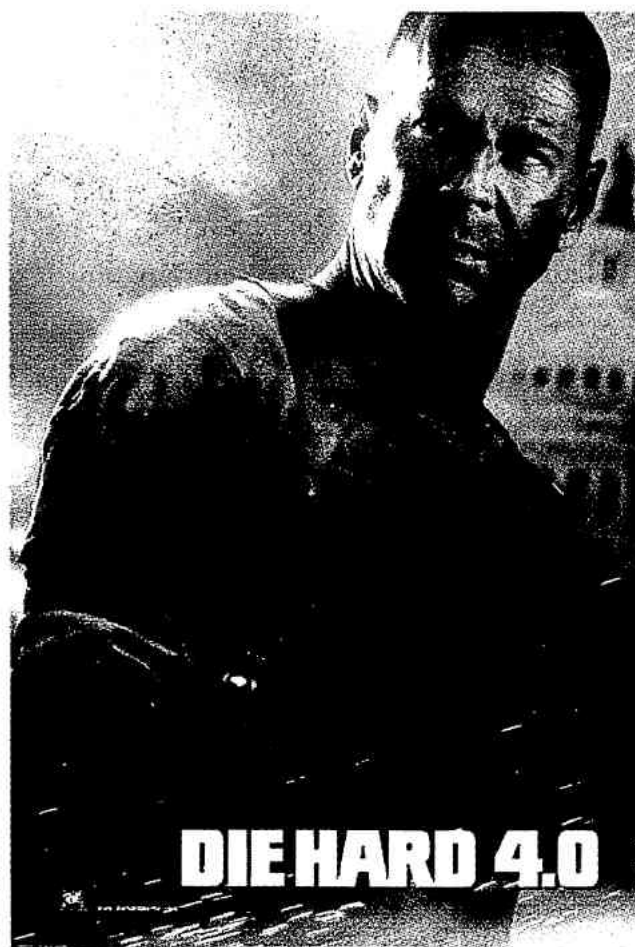
I guess we have to thank the U.S. for not insulting our intelligence. In America, this film was called *Live Free or Die Hard*. Do you see what they've done there? Instead of calling it "Die Hard 4" (which is what it is), they've put in a little topical prefix, "Live Free". What the "Live Free" means is a mystery to me, and it will also be one to you when you've seen it. But even in changing the title, they still haven't really admitted that it's "Die Hard 4". There's still that "point zero" to contend with. Why is that there? Because the film is about cyber-terrorists? What kind of gimmick is that?

I'm digressing. *Die Hard 4.0* was never going to be a film to tantalise our intellect, anyway. It's dumb, but it's a dumb kind of fun that only exists to show us just how good the action choreographer is at convincing us that completely impossible action set pieces are, indeed, possible, and can even be damn exhilarating. Matt (Justin Long) says to McClane (Willis, of course) after a particularly exciting and ludicrous scene, "You killed a helicopter with a car."

I love this line because it's the way a child watching *Die Hard 4.0* would describe what he has just seen. The film isn't afraid to delve deep into the time-honored encyclopedia of action movie clichés. We have Maggie Q as a psychotic ninjaesque minion of the film's villain, Gabriel (Deadwood's Timothy Olyphant, very good). Gabriel's henchmen, of course, are the lousiest shots this side of the Storm Troopers. And why are Gabriel's minions inexplicably French?

But sometimes we go to the movies to see stuff that makes our jaw drop. Director Len Wiseman (of the *Underworld* movies) knows how to craft a good action scene, and Bruce Willis's undeniable charm and comedic talent carries the picture. It may seem like an incredible waste of time and money on something with such little substance, but for what it is, *Die Hard 4.0* is great entertainment.

DIE HARD 4.0



Megan McKeough

Bruce Willis is getting pretty old, too old you'd think to be hurtling himself from a plane onto a crumbling bridge. Luckily, he's still got it, and reprising his famed role as John McClane in *Die Hard 4.0*, he barrels his way through this fourth film in the *Die Hard* series with all the action hero vigour, corny one-liners, and narrow-eyed steely stares we have come to expect from him.

This time around, meddlesome computer genius Thomas Gabriel (Timothy Olyphant), uses his powers for evil and launches an attack on the United States government and New York City. Gabriel and his lackeys wreak havoc by changing traffic lights, messing with the stock exchange, switching off the power, and generally causing a large-scale ruckus, all with a much more sinister intent. The plot is basically an excuse to show sweaty geek after sweaty geek pressing buttons excitedly in front of a computer screen, and to show a whole lot of wreckage and general mayhem (with a little "we're all controlled by technology" undertone). McClane's sidekick, a computer hacker who unwittingly helped out the bad guys, is played with just enough wit by Justin Long, who brings the sardonic touches of humour mixed with doubtful, pulsating looks of fear that make all sidekicks great.

Favourite scenes of this instalment include an edited together presidential message of terror, as well as anything that Willis does that seems impossible without certainty of death (which is almost everything).

All in all, action is action, and I realised in the opening shootout that I really do enjoy a good action flick. So it is definitely worthwhile to watch Willis launching himself around, devil may care, in *Die Hard 4.0*.



Books

The book of thousand nights and one night

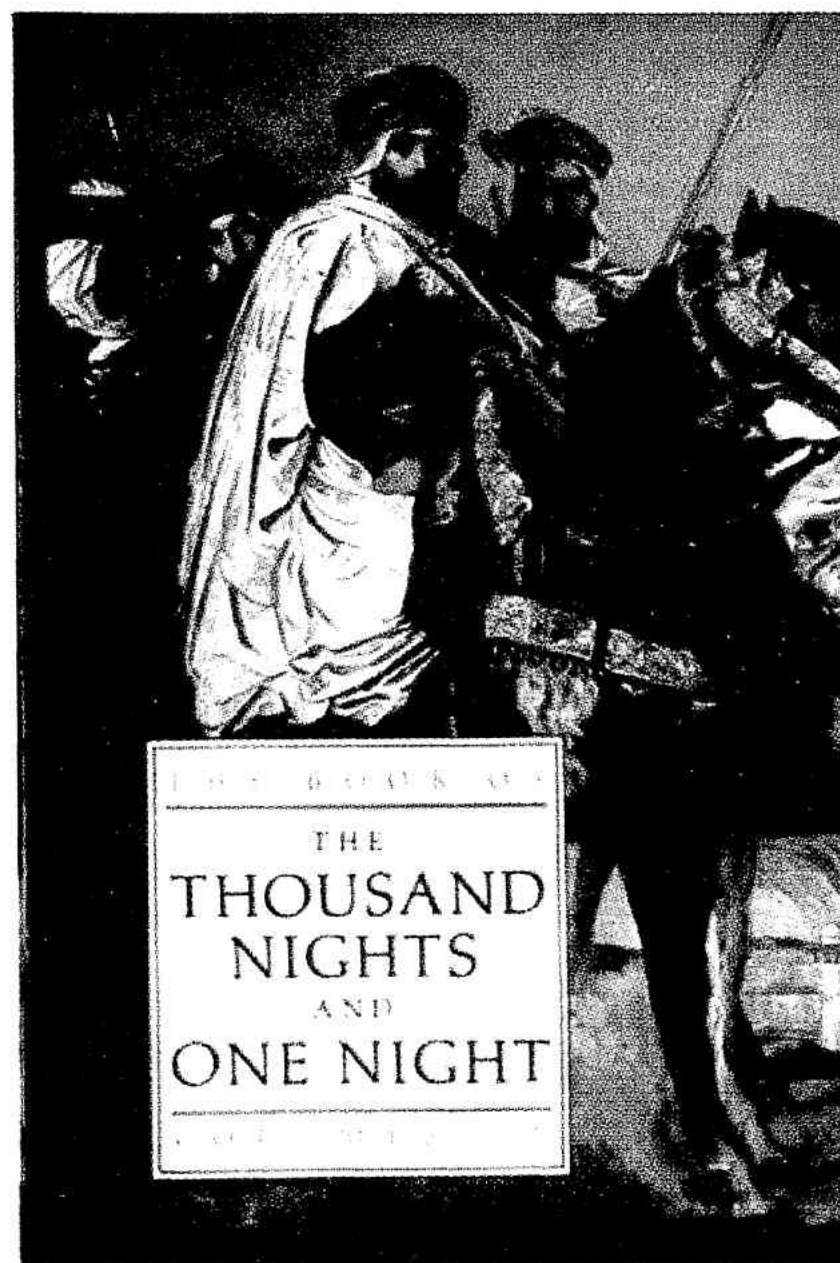
By EP Mathers, Routledge, 1990.

Reviewed by Ebony Wimpler

Aladdin was one of my favourite films as a child. Possibly also as an adult. I know it is hardly intellectual to consider a Saturday afternoon well spent in the company of a pile of Disney VHS's, but then I've never fancied myself a blue-stocking. In any case it doesn't matter much now because children and adults alike can be justified in taking pleasure in Aladdin, eating at Ali Baba and retelling cloying versions of Sinbad the Sailor in the school-yard as well as at the office water fountain. There is substance to this fluff after all, and, more fashionably, there has been a resurgence of Orientalism.

Assouline, publishers of glossy photographer, fashion, art, design and life style books have released a new edition of an age-old gem. Yes, 'The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night.' You may know this more popularly as the 'Arabian Nights', or the '1001 Nights'. This collection of stories, ages old, is the source of some of the aforementioned popular culture. Admittedly, no original manuscript has even been found but it is said the first written compilation was made in Iraq in the 10th century by a storyteller who added tales from the old Persian work, Hazar Afsana ('thousand tales'). Throw in some Indian influences, scoot it around the East for a few centuries and voila - a collection of tales, rich and vivid. Utilising a framing device akin to that used by Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Tales', the 'frame' story is of Sharazad who saves herself from execution at the hands of the ruler Shahrayar with her extraordinary story telling (and sheer number of stories).

For those of you who think the 'Nights' are simply a collection of fairy tales, you would be more or less correct (discounting the fairies). Disregard them as not being serious enough perhaps, but they were widely influential in the 18th and 19th centuries, especially in circles of literary Europeans. One can witness the influence of the collection on the world literature stage. Dumas' 'The Count of Monte Cristo', for example, has smatterings of Sinbad the Sailor about it. Naguib Mafouz has also based his novel 'Arabian Nights and Days' on the original 'Nights'. Even Edgar Allan Poe has written a 'Thousand and Second Night' entitled 'The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherazade'. Poetic influence goes as far afield as Tennyson and Wordsworth. Assouline, at any rate, is making the collection even more grown-up and lust-worthy with its new edition which is an abridged version of art publisher H. Piazza's famous



late 1920's masterpiece, a twelve-volume version of 'The 1001 Nights'. But these were not mere words - this version included illustrations by Mohammed Racim and miniatures by the painter Léon Carré. So it is a beautiful book, handsome, to be prized by collectors and dreamers alike. Visually stunning as well as highly entertaining, 'The Book of One Thousand Nights and One Night' is a cultural testimony of the past. And the tales really are gorgeous. Technically this edition was released in the United States in January 2006, but it has taken a while to get to Australian shores - we will treat it as something shiny and new anyway. The translation is by Powys Mathers (from the French translation by J.C. Mardrus). 432 pages, 400 illustrations and ornaments. The Co-Op has a copy. \$160.

WORONI

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

By JK Rowling, Arthur A. Levine Books, 2007

Reviewed by William Glasgow

I should just come out with it straightaway, shouldn't I? I had some real troubles with this book.

Don't get me wrong, it wasn't terrible or anything. But there were moments – no small number – when I found myself closing its pages, shaking my head and muttering darkly, 'What is she doing?'

My troubles never quite left me. Sure, there were good passages: some had me laughing out loud, and a few just about moved to tears (all right, I'll admit I cried, like a schoolgirl – twice). And there was romance, and even some nudity – you'd think it'd be sated.

'Maybe I ask for too much?' I thought to myself as I set off to my Harry Potter book club on the Friday after its release. Maybe I'm too needy a fan?'

I entered the venue and found our table. A few hellos later and I began.

Don't get me wrong I had a lot of fun reading it. But didn't you have some gripes? Determined to make my point and not wanting to come across as some amateur, I took out a few notes I had made while reading, and then – with the comfort that can only be found in exhaustive annotation – I launched into a, slightly rehearsed, mini-lecture – My Problems with the Final Harry Potter Novel.

Problem number one: too many questions. I draw your attention to pages...

Five, maybe ten, minutes later I finished up with what I was sure was an irrefutable damning of the too-clever Elder Wand twist and that final chapter. Point well made, I thought. I guess we'll all just finish our drinks and go home. Settled. The book was rubbish.

Well, we didn't go home. It turns out some people loved The Deathly Hallows – a few of them present at our little gathering. They loved its fast-pace, many twists and all the rest. They hailed it a fitting end to a great series.

Well, like that old French guy said, 'Say what like – you're wrong!' (This is a loose translation.)

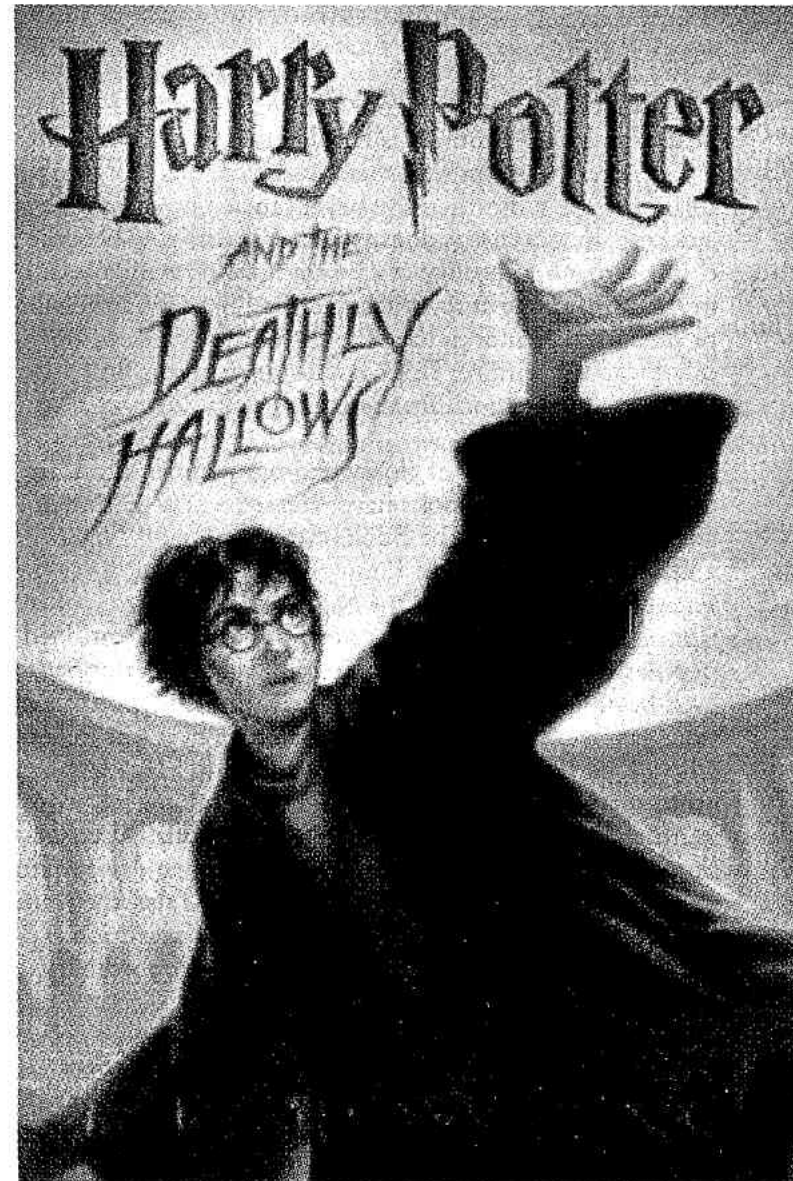
I think we all have good reason to feel let down by this book. We all rushed out to buy it, hurried through its 607 pages, and all we got was, 'All was well.' Rowling, that's a disgrace! All three main characters still alive? Pathetic! A Dark Lord who seemed to cock-up at every turn? Dismal! And can anyone tell me they didn't find the five-page ramble about why Voldermort wasn't the true master of the Elder Wand one of the great anticlimaxes? (Not to mention plot-holes).

Now I must cushion all this outrage: I had a lot of fun with the Harry Potter series. I've loved the community that sprung from them, and some of the merch' was pretty sweet (I still use my Happy Meal wand from time to time). Dobby's death was moving; I liked it when Kreacher went all Martha Stewart; Dumbledore's dark past was pretty cool. However, after reading that 'Nineteen Years Later' rubbish I felt let down. All these years of defending the series as 'much more than just kids' books', and it turns out I was wrong – they weren't.

Harry should have died. There was a sublime elegance to his death – the tragedy of the sacrifice was such a perfect fit. But then he was in limbo, and then he was alive; it all was a bit sickening, a bit gutless, a bit childish.

Well, the kiddies can have their saccharine ending; I'm off to read Phillip Pullman's His Dark Materials. I want a heartbreaking ending and characters that suffer indelibly, and it would seem – unless there's some alternate version being penned in secret – I won't be getting these from Ms. Rowling.

Despite being unhappy with The Deathly Hallows the reviewer reserves the right to attend the final two film premiers in full-wizard garb.



70% Urban: 30 Mar 2007 – 31 Jan 2008, National Museum of Australia (Gallery of First Australians)

Greg Daly:

A Passionate

Collection: 2 June – 30 September, Canberra Museum and Gallery, free

George W. Lambert

Retrospective: heroes

& icons: 29 June – 16 September, National Gallery of Australia, \$7-\$10

Anna Eggert:

Mesmerised: 30

June – 2 September, Canberra Museum and Gallery, free

CAB: Collaborative

Auto-Biography

(Stories from

Sydney's Suburbia):

in-store appearance and signing with Matt Huynh (creator), 1.30pm – 5pm 25 August, Impact Comics

Paul Kelly (with Katy

Steele (Little Birdy)):

7.30 pm 26 August, Canberra Theatre, \$54

Australian

Chamber Orchestra

– Adventurous: 8pm

1 September, Canberra Theatre, \$18-\$69

Canberra Symphony

Orchestra – From

Russia with Love:

7.30 pm 5 and 6 September, Canberra Theatre, \$23-\$55

The Government

Inspector (Bell

Shakespeare): 7-22

September, The Playhouse, \$30-\$60

Mental As Anything:

7pm 8 September, The Venue, \$15

Snow Patrol: 10

September, AIS Arena, \$80

Powderfinger

& Silverchair:

11 September, Reconciliation Place, \$103.30

Steely Dan: 13

September, AIS Arena, \$99.65-\$140.35

Rock for Republic

(featuring Jitwam

Sinha & St.

Andrew, Matty

Ellis Collective,

The Wedded Bliss,

Owen Campbell,

Rafe Morris, Julia

and The Deep Sea

Sirens): 11am-4pm

15 September, Garema Place, FREE!

Tori Amos: 8pm 16

September, Canberra Theatre, \$119.90

Up! Festival

(featuring Michael

Franti and

Spearhead, Ben Lee,

Old Man River and

Blue King Brown):

19 September, AIS Arena, \$53.10

Sydney Dance

Company's Gala

Suite & Cut: 19-22

September, Canberra Theatre, \$25-\$50

Suzi Quatro: 26

September, AIS Arena, \$69.90-\$89.90

The Great Southern

Blues and Rockabilly

Festival (featuring

Tex Perkins &

The Sea Horses,

Renee Geyer, The

Black Sorrows, Ash

Grunwald and more):

28-30 September,

Smyth Oval, Narooma, \$218.90

Australian Chamber

Orchestra – Sonic:

8pm 29 September, Canberra Theatre, \$33-\$69

Parklife (featuring

Adam Freeland,

Derrick Carter,

Greenskeepers,

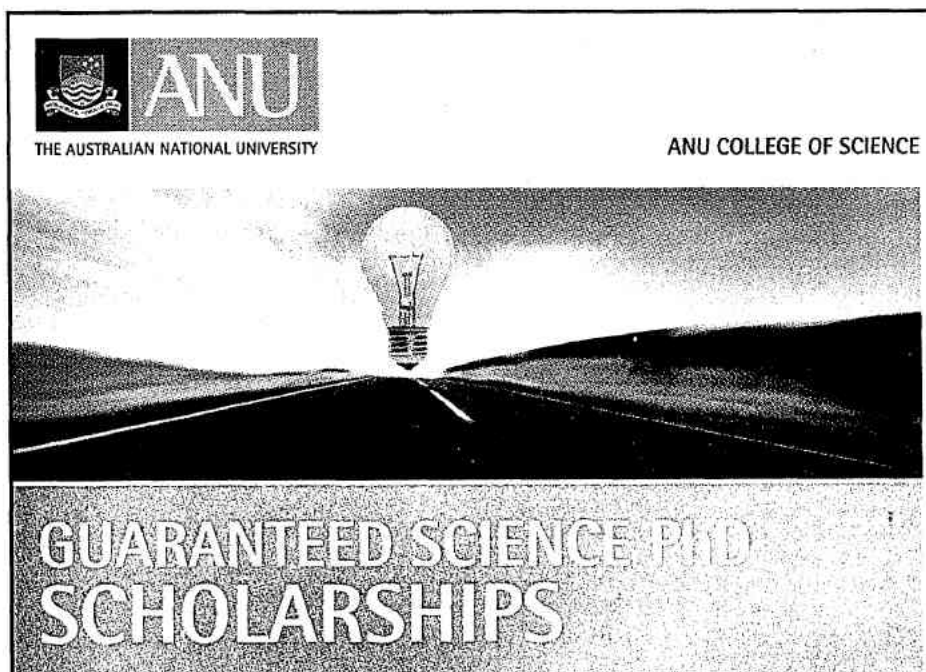
Justice, Lyrics Born,

M.I.A. and more):

30 September, Moore

Park, Sydney, \$118

(sold out)



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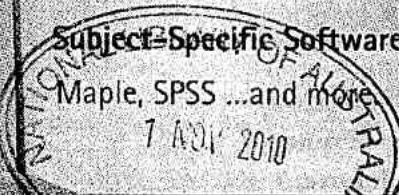
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